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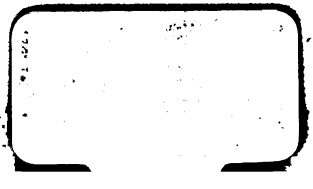

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12

THE

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF

PAMELA, CLARISSA, AND SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,

SELECTED FROM THE

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO HIS FAMILY.

To which are prefixed

A BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF THAT AUTHOR,

AND

OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WRITINGS,

By ANNA LŒTITIA BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

RICHARDSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON

AND

LADY ECHLIN.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Feb. 23, 1754.

I AM in haste to assure you, Sir, I shall never think you an intruder :—Does not naughty Lady B—— say her loving sister is a bold intruder ; but, this dear, cross creature shall not discourage me from returning thanks for your last obliging favour.

If I could entertain a low opinion of Mr. Richardson, I should think him less sincere

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than polite. Upon my word, Sir, a very grand-mother is not proof against flattery. Do you know that I am a grand-mamma much sooner than I wished—a little too early in life, I think; because I could not naturally support a gravity consistent with the venerable character. But don't imagine me a modish fine lady, affecting youthful airs, because vanity is fashionable. No, Sir; I am perhaps the oldest woman of my years, in this genteel town. So uncouth in my manners, and morals, shall I say, that many people older than myself, think me intolerably stupid, or at least, a woman without taste! I do not understand whist, nor play any one game at cards; and, consequently, avoid routs, drums, &c. I am wedded to my own apartment, and seldom engaged abroad: yet fear I waste as much time in my retirement, as they do, who trifle it away at a card-table. My private amusement and employment is innocent, I hope; but am extreme faulty in not being always usefully

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usefully employed; and now, I almost despise myself and all mankind. Can any mortal peruse your fine, delicate lesson untouched with self-reproach?

And are you in earnest, Sir? Do you really expect correction from your humble servant? I admire your raillery vastly. Some people here are not pleased with the latter part of this history; and, they suppose it was not written by Mr. Richardson's inimitable pen. I have not yet perused the volume, which causes suspicion among critics: some of the Italian scenes, are thought tedious repetition; and impatient readers complain of your prolixity: these complainers have neither taste nor judgment, I am sure; and I should not have mentioned these insensibles, but that I resolved to tell you all I have heard. It is injudicious to pronounce a work faulty, when only a few inconsiderable specks appear, which cannot lessen the conspicuous beauty of an excellent piece. Your great admirer, Mr. Tickell, loudly praises

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your admirable production; and so highly resents the ill-treatment you have met with from his (once favourite) bookseller, he will never more have any dealings with him. I wonder at my assurance in writing to Mr. Richardson. I begin to think, with Lady B——, that I ought not to teaze you with reading my insipid stuff: only give me leave to mention your warm friend, the Rev. Mr. Hildesley. This worthy gentleman has acquainted Lady Lambard with the cruel treatment you have received from bad people here, which is fully explained to her Ladyship, by your narrative addressed to me; and this good lady is particularly surprised at the bookseller, George Faulkner, for she thought him a very honest man.

Although Lady Lambard resides at this court, the favourite companion of our present gracious Queen here, she is not a court lady in my sense of that character, and, therefore, a candid intimacy subsists between her and me. I am persuaded her sincerity

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cerity is equal to her good understanding; she kindly obliges me with her cheerful conversation; we do not visit each other ceremoniously—our meeting is friendly, and this, you must allow, is not courtly.

I am charmed with the Rev. Mr. Hildesley's amiable character—he is a primitive Christian—and most sincerely I wish to see him dignified as his great merit justly deserves. Cannot your keen penetration guess where I would place this pious divine? Is this good clergyman, our exemplary Doctor Bartlett? I tell Lady Lambard, he is the man.

Excuse me, good Sir, for detaining you too long. I will not say, I do not desire to hear from you again; but shall not request a favour inconvenient to you; though I must assure you, that Lady B—— cannot be more sensibly pleased with a proof of Mr. Richardson's regard, than

Your faithful,
obliged humble servant,
ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

London, March 19, 1754.

YOUR Ladyship does me great honour in the hatse you were pleased to say you were in, to assure me that you shall never think me an intruder. Naughty Lady B——, indeed, do I join with your Ladyship to call that dear sister of your's; who has imputed to you a character that I cannot forgive her for, nor repeat after her.

But what had I written, that the word *flatterer* could rise to your Ladyship's thoughts, as imputable to me? Believe me, Madam, I am incapable of flattery. Yet do I love to praise an excellence wherever I find it. Your sister, your dear sister, knows, that I never cease to blame or praise, as the occasion offers; and she will tell you, how often I have experienced her forgiving good-

ness

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ness for my boldness and rusticity. She is, indeed, the most forgiving and patient correspondent that ever I had; and I have been, and am, honoured by many excellent ones of her sex.

By this time I hope your ladyship has honoured me with the acceptance of a complete set of the history of Sir Charles Grandison, in octavo, from Mr. Main, who has orders to that purpose, as soon as they can be handsomely bound. You must not, Madam, refuse them. I hope you will not.

I shall be glad if what I have added to the last volume, relating to the injury done me by the Dublin booksellers, meets with your approbation, and that of the worthy Mr. Tickell.

I have seen a paper of Faulkner's which contains several pompous queries, all tending to exalt himself, and puff his paper. Poor man! I am afraid that what I have added to the last volume relating to him, will come very unseasonably for him, and will be too

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home an answer, for his peace of mind, to some of the queries he puts.

My case is referred to, as I printed it at first; and Main has some of them. Your Ladyship will command from him as many as you please. It will be seen in that, how tenderly I treated this impenetrable man, till he provoked me to lay before the public extracts from his own hypocritical letters. I wonder what his brethren in iniquity will say to him on some of them.

By what I have heard of the gaiety and luxury of the Dublin ladies, they go beyond our English ladies in both, if possible. Yet, your Ladyship to be such a phœnix in the midst of such dissipation!—How I admire you!—Not understand whist!—nor play any one game at cards, and avoid routs, drums:—wedded to your own apartment, and seldom engaged abroad! No wonder that many ladies older than yourself think you tasteless. But how much must you, Madam, despise these gadflies of a summer's day!

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day! or, rather, of a winter's day; for their summer is probably passed.

Am I in earnest, you demand, when I ask for your Ladyship's correction? I am. And I thank you, Madam, for telling me the faults, that are found in the history. I cannot guess at those parts of it, which you say are supposed not to be written by the same pen. Every reader must judge for him or herself, as to the supposed prolixity. I I am contented that he or she should. But be so good, Madam, as to let me know what you think blemishes. By your kind censure, and by that of such a gentleman as Mr. Tickell, I shall be instructed. Believe me, Madam, I ask not for compliments: and let me assure you, that among my numerous faults, tenaciousness is not imputed to me as one.

I am greatly obliged to the Rev. Mr. Hildesley for interesting so warmly in my favour, such an excellent person as your Ladyship mentions Lady Lambard to be. I had once

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the honour of a short visit from him, which he reminded me of in a very kind letter he wrote to me some months ago, resenting the treatment I had met with from Ireland. I answered his letter in grateful terms, as it well deserved; but have not heard from him since. I enquired into his character from the pleasure his letter gave me. I am in love with it. Were I a man in power, I would consult your Ladyship, and make way for so good a man to the highest, and this as much or more, for the sake of his fellow-subjects, as for his own. What delight, in such case, should I take, in drawing from their obscurity, such good men as Mr. Hildesley! What vanity in me! Excuse this instance of it—as it looks as if I thought myself above being corrupted by power, were it put into my hands. I am equally delighted and honoured by your Ladyship's concluding paragraph. Believe me to be, with the highest regard, Madam, your most obliged and faithful

humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Aug. 12, 1754.

I AM glad my opinion agrees with your's, Sir, concerning the conclusion of Sir Charles Grandison's history; and that my sentiments concur with your wishes, in relation to the Porretta family, and Count of Belvedere. Can a sensible woman treat this worthy man with contempt? But some females are such fashionable ladies, they regard neither manners, morals, nor constancy, in a lover. These modish ladies must allow me to think they are as unjust to real merit, as those fine polite gentlemen, who declare their dislike to Sir Charles Grandison, because he is much too religious and virtuous. Alas! Sir, you have thrown away pearls upon brutish mortals.

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I shall acquiesce with what you tell me; for I am sensible I differ with many readers concerning Clementina. Pray allow me to think Lady Grandison the most amiable woman upon earth; she is uniformly good upon principle: yet, I must think, there is too much parade and compliment in her admiration of Clementina, and a very unnatural warmth in her unbounded profession of friendship for that lady. But I am not blind to your laudable intention. Every woman ought to thank you for the honour done to our sex, in the character of Miss Byron. Great is our obligation to you, when the generality of mankind entertain a contemptible opinion of woman.

Lady Lambard tells me her visit to you was unluckily timed; but you were kind in making amends for that disappointment, which obliged her very much. I am glad you have seen my charming friend; that short interview confirmed the high opinion she had long before entertained of good

Mr.

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Mr. Richardson: and I hope she did not forget to do me justice in assuring you of my stedfast regard for the ingenious author of Grandison. I suppose you mentioned the Rev. Mr. Hildesley to her: she could acquaint you with the brightest part of his character; knowing that he really is, what every clergyman ought to be, an exemplary, good Christian.

I congratulate, you, Sir, on your lucky meeting with Mr. Hildesley. I hope he has banished from your mind all suspicion concerning himself. Pray tell me what this worthy gentleman has done; and wherein I am faulty. What have we been guilty of? Surely you will not chide him for his humility; nor reprove me for being just.

I admire and honour your reverend friend, the learned Doctor Young. His instructive pen assures me he is great and good: his Woeful Complaint charms me; and his Divine Thoughts delight my soul. I value and regard Doctor Young's excellent work,

as

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as he does Mr. How's Devout Meditations. Never shall I lay it out of my reach. Give me leave to transcribe three lines: I think it a beautiful part of that all-lovely piece; and proud am I to say, it exactly agrees with my own way of thinking:

> O! lost to Virtue! lost to manly thought!
> Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
> Who think it solitude to be alone,

Often have I repeated this, when a mistaken civility, or real good nature, would scarcely permit a kind creature to leave me quite alone. I am thankful to Doctor Young for his happy thought, which is my resource on pressing occasions. Is it not astonishing, that so many sensible people should have such an aversion to retirement, as to think it a most melancholy thing to spend a few hours alone. I heartily pity them; and thank God that it is not my own case.

Have not I told you more than once, Lady B——

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B—— is not pleased at my corresponding with you. She has almost scolded her sister for troubling Mr. Richardson with her scribble: but I have desired her to be quiet, promising that I would not be very troublesome to her worthy friend. Will this explain what you did not understand.

Pray, Sir, ask Lady B—— if she sees a similarity between Charlotte Grandison and a comical lady, who was formerly called Miss Do. I discover a strong resemblance in their lively wit and humour. This merry girl (Miss Do) was my intimate acquaintance in the days of yore; and my Lady B—— ever was, and is, her inseparable companion. You may wonder, perhaps, if I add, she still continues so strongly attached to this Do, that she loves her rather better than her dear good Sir Roger. Don't ask me how is this? Let Lady B—— explain it.

You mortify me with mentioning the intended agreeable meeting in Oxfordshire, because I cannot partake of that desirable pleasure;

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pleasure; however, I sincerely wish you may meet at my dear friend's happy dwelling, where I have spent many cheerful days; and all our halcyon years we enjoyed together in Lancashire. She will be sensibly pleased to see you, Sir, at Waterstock. I do not know a more valuable woman. A discreet widow is not a common character: but I have the pleasure to be intimately acquainted with several who merit that honourable distinction. I cannot help smiling at your applying for materials, in case you should draw another beautiful picture. Where did you find that excellent woman, grandmother Shirley? You may meet with a prudent widow in the same quarter.

I did not mention any thing relating to the pirates in my last letter, believing you were better informed from Mr. Main, whom I might suppose could not be a stranger to their proceedings, since the publication of your last volume. I have cause to think the book has not been reprinted in Dublin; and

am

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am told, the wicked booksellers are disappointed, for they have not made any profit by their stolen goods. 'What Faulkner, or any of his shameless brethren, may do, in attempting to answer you, I cannot tell; but am sure they have not yet published any thing relating to your affair. It would afford me real pleasure to give you the most satisfactory information; and wish I had power equal to my inclination, to oblige or serve you.

I am sorry to tell you, our worthy friend Mr. Tickell, is not well: he has had a dangerous fit of illness. His constitution is delicate; and am afraid it is violently shocked by the severe disorder. He never injured his health by any sort of intemperance; but he has too large a stock of spirits for his corporeal strength. I am anxiously concerned for him and his family; a very young wife, five lovely little children, and a tender mother in the utmost distress. Mrs. Tickell is an excellent woman, the best parent

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parent in the world. I wish she was not so excessively fond of this darling son: for her own peace of mind I wish it. And I trust in God she will be released from her present perturbation, by his perfect recovery. There is a cordial friendship between this lady and me. She is a rational companion; a very wise widow; a widow, indeed, though she is not an old woman.

I cannot believe you are in earnest, when you express a fear of my thinking you mean-spirited. Pray, Sir, what do you think of my spirit, when you so carefully avoid putting me to the expence of postage? I have a good mind to give you a lecture upon frugality; but will spare you at present, and defer it to another opportunity, if you provoke me to expatiate on this subject.

I wish you may not see cause to think me impertinent or silly; but I am yet undetermined whether to consent or not, to your perusing all I have written concerning Clarissa. What has passed between my sister and

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and me on this subject signifies little. I have told you, we differ widely in opinion; you know her thoughts upon the whole, and I have partly acquainted you with mine. I was in England at the time you published this History, and finished the reading it in Lancashire, with Lady B—; and this favourite subject was our daily conversation. It is impossible to describe what I suffered from the shocking parts of the story; in short, the woeful complicated distress attending innocence, virtue, and religion, affected me strangely, and prevented my giving a reasonable attention to the moral. I was sensible of the author's laudable intention, but shall ever think him mistaken in the method towards accomplishing his several great ends. Too sure I am, the good design is not effectually answered. Although I presume to think particular parts faulty, this piece has many glaring beauties, which do not escape my admiration. I am afraid I shall lose an admirer, if I acquaint you with

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with the whole chain of my self-sufficiency; however, I will not deny, that, in the midst of my intolerable vexation, I endeavoured to divert my thoughts from horrible scenes by the strength of fancy, and contented myself with supposing that I had discovered some mistakes in Clarissa's story, which were owing to your being misinformed. The spirit of imagination caught first hold of my pen, and a huge heap of undigested matter it produced, with no other view than to please myself. I cannot, without blushing, confess, that I weakly attempted to imitate an eminent pen, and am astonished at my folly in making such a vain attempt. I never had patience to copy this bold piece of stuff; but I know every page wants amendment and all imaginable correction: and here I have let you into a secret, which your late request tempted me to discover; but you must not expect to see my poor attempt to blot out of Clarissa's story some very disagreeable circumstances. Lady B— has perused

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rused this original piece of assurance, but the scrawl is not in her hands.

After I had finished the above written, I received a melancholy account from my afflicted friend. Dear good woman, I sensibly feel what she suffers; but cannot express my real concern.—Can only add, not with dry eyes, the will of God be done!—Believe me, good Sir,

Your's, &c.

E.

TO LADY ECHLIN.

Sept. 12, 1734.

GOOD Mr. Tickell! How much I am concerned for him! What an affecting letter is that of his sorrowing mother! But these attacks are sometimes attended with great recoveries. May that be his case, for his

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his own sake, for his lady's sake, for his childrens, and his (at present) unhappy mother's! What a truly pious prayer does she conclude with! It was impossible but I should begin with this affecting subject. Thank God, that, in the close of your letter, you can tell me he is better! May the Almighty perfect his recovery!—Now to other subjects.

I have the vanity to think, that Sir Charles Grandison meets with some slights from gay spirits, because his actions are opposed to their's, and he is proposed to them for an example.

Again I rejoice in the preference given to Harriet by your Ladyship; yet if you think "there is too much parade and compliment in her admiration of Clementina, and a very unnatural warmth in her unbounded professions of friendship for that lady," I am apprehensive that it is so: and it is doubly kind in your Ladyship to excuse it on account of the honour intended to be conferred on

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the sex, in producing such an instance of female magnanimity, "at a time (as you are pleased to observe) when the generality of men affect to entertain a contemptible opinion of women."

Lady Lambard acquainted me with your Ladyship's favour to me. Mr. Hildesley was not forgot to be mentioned between us. I mentioned to him, in a letter, how greatly he was esteemed by Lady Echlin, as well as by Lady Lambard. And thus the modest gentleman (for his letter is all beautiful, but too humble diffidence) writes: "When you next write to Lady Echlin, will you be so good as to do me the particular favour of signifying how much I honour her Ladyship on account of her being the occasion of the republication of How's Meditations, and of its reaching my hands through Lady Lambard's." I never, Madam, had any suspicions of Mr. Hildesley; I was only afraid of appearing in his eyes less worthy than I was willing to be thought, as he had once favoured

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voured me with his good opinion, and is so good a man.

I am greatly honoured by your Ladyship's correspondence. Let us not mind Lady B—; let her be contented, that nobody grudges the fondness for Miss Do; that every one, on the contrary, applauds her for it, and is almost as fond of her as she can be.

I am more desirous than ever of being favoured with your Ladyship's remarks on the History of Clarissa, now you have told me of what nature your objections were, and that you have given the story a different turn. I would not be impertinently pressing; but if your Ladyship has the shadow of an inclination to favour me, encourage it. No fear of losing an admirer by the indulgence. I wish you not to have it transcribed; I ever admired the first flowings of a fine imagination. I long to be obliged! A safe return, you may depend upon; and neither your good sister nor her Miss Do shall

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shall know a syllable of the precious trust. I am glad it is not in her hands; I hope—but dare not say more just now, for fear of being thought too bold and intruding.

I rejoice in the enumeration of your excellent widows; a character I so much revere. Mrs. Green I have the happiness to know: she does me and mine great honour when she visits us. I wish, in her airings, she would oftener favour us with looking in upon us: I hope she has the goodness to excuse returns. My wife is a very worthy woman; but I cannot prevail upon her to be, where she ought, a visitor; but she rejoices in the visits of her and my friends, and adopts all my adopted daughters, as her's, with an openness and unreserve, and affection, that has not many examples. Your Ladyship mentions not a very worthy maiden gentlewoman, pretty much advanced in years, who constantly attends our good Mrs. Green. I hope, Madam, you have not the same prepossessions in disfavour of old

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maids, in general, that your dear sister, Lady B— has; inspired, I dare say, by that lively Miss Do. O! how have I scolded her for it. That fault was thrown into Lady G—'s character on purpose (on Lady B—'s account) to be corrected by Harriet; but to no purpose! the scandal remains! the instruction is unheeded! How hard is it to rein in lively imaginations, especially when blessed with health and spirits! But, as I hinted, this Miss Do is ever at her elbow. Pray, Madam, be so good as to tell me how you managed with this Miss Do, when you were unmarried ladies; your sister, I mean, and you, and your other noble sister, the Countess? Miss Do, I presume, was so early as that a favourite with Lady B—, and put her often, I reckon, upon lively pranks, that made you sometimes hardly know what to do with her. Lady B— has owned to me, in the progress of her letters, before I had the honour to know her real name, that she had two sisters, both of whom had a graver

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a graver turn than herself. I think I once understood her, that she scrupled not (though younger sister, if I remember right) to pull caps, in good humoured roguery. But it must have been when she was entirely under the dominion of Miss Do; for, at the same time, she declared that never sister loved her sisters as she did her's. I could say many things of her from herself, that she thinks I have forgotten; and which, writing by a fictitious name (that of Balfour) she the more securely wrote to one whom she believed would never know her real one. What a delightful spirit has she! What a charming vein of humour! Dearly do I love her! Greatly do I admire her! There is a grace inimitable in whatever she says or does! Who can think not quite right things wrong in Lady B—?

She has threatened me, on our correspondence; and I have taken the liberty to threaten her. She says, she knows how to set us together by the ears, and perhaps will

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do it. I have boldly returned her menaces; and if she attempts to do so, I will be as mischievous as I can, and tell her, now your Ladyship has hinted it to me, of Miss Do, and so forth.

I must once more mention the pleasure you give me in letting me know, that Mr. Tickell is better. You have interested me greatly in his recovery. What an excellent lady must his mother be! One of your Ladyship's justly favourite widows!—Oblige me, Madam, as opportunity offers, with further intelligence of a health so precious to all who know him, and are related to him.

Silence me by a direct negative, good Madam, if you think me too bold in repeating my request, to be entrusted with the perusal of the amended History of Clarissa. Now I recollect, Lady B— once hinted to me, that there was a lady who had wrote it in her own way; and I thought she herself was that lady. I am, Madam, with the greatest respect, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Sept. 27, 1754.

I THANK you, dear Sir, for your tender concern, good wishes, and hearty prayer for my worthy friend, Mr. Tickell. I have the satisfaction to assure you, his late disorder has not so greatly impaired his strength, nor sunk his spirits, to that miserably low state, which his over anxious mother's fear, made her apprehend. God be praised, she is comforted, by a hopeful appearance of her beloved son's perfect recovery. He is pretty well in health, at present, thank God.

I protest I am at a loss, how to answer some parts of your last obliging favour. Give me leave to say, you have more good-nature, humility, and patience, than any other man upon earth, or you certainly are the greatest hypocrite under the sun. If I could suspect

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Mr. Richardson's veracity, I should look upon your submission to my inferior judgment as a polite piece of complaisance. I begin to fear, you think me too peremptory, and self-sufficient; if so, you resolve perhaps, to acquiesce, rather than contend, with a positive woman. You are extremely indulgent, and I ought to thank you, for every favourable allowance you afford me, who have not any of that delightful, spirited wit, and charming vein of humour, which plead excuse for not quite right things in Lady B——.

Mrs. Belfour has given you a right notion of this mad-cap, and I could tales unfold; but—I never could manage her; nor will I have any more boxing-bouts with Madam ——. If our favourite charming Harriet, cannot make this sprightly lady blush a little, at her unreasonable aversion; or, at least, silence her exclamation against old maids, I pronounce her incurable.

The worthy maiden you mention, is an honourable

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honourable woman. I really believe, I was fond of this good-natured aunt Catharine, before I could speak. Lady B—— is as well acquainted with her real worth; but, I will not tell all I know, because you are sufficiently informed already. I most sincerely love this ungovernable Lady B——; we always were affectionate sisters, although her over-hasty disposition, did not altogether please my graver turn. She has been blest with constant good health, and, thank God, she still enjoys that great blessing. I ever was, and am, less happy in this respect; and yet this lady B——, with her high health, and a continual flow of fine spirits, never was active in using necessary exercise: that neglect, is attended with a consequens which gives me concern; because it renders her incapable of using that exercise, which I think needful for preserving health. I cannot help pitying a human creature, loaded with fat; it ever was my endeavour to guard against that heavy condition; and I am

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very thankful, that I can reap benefit and pleasure from my nimble feet, and a trotting horse.

After much ado about nothing, let me assure you, Sir, I have more than the shadow of an inclination to oblige you. I willingly comply with your request. Pray, dear Sir, call not the fragment, you desire to peruse, the amended History of Clarissa. I have only attempted to alter particular parts abruptly. It is, in short a medley. I told you I had weakly endeavoured to imitate. No matter what I intended by some foolish things, thrown amongst the heap—if you can read it, you shall.

After scribbling this long epistle, I have not fully, I think, answered your last letter. Here is enough, however, to try your patience; allow me at present, to subscribe myself,

Your obliged, &c.

E.

TO

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

October 10, 1754.

ALLOW me to congratulate your Ladyship on Mr. Tickell's amendment, and the prospect of his perfect recovery. I join with you, Madam, to bless God for it.

Lady Bradshaigh acquaints me, that she, as well as your Ladyship, meets with persons who quarrel with Sir Charles Grandison. They are welcome. A good character is a gauntlet thrown out. As some apprehend it reflects upon themselves, they perhaps think they have a right to be affronted. The character of a mere mortal cannot ought not, to be quite perfect. It is sufficient, if its errors be not premeditated, wilful, and unrepented of: and I shall rejoice if there be numbers of those, who find fault with the more perfect characters in the

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piece, because of their errors, and who would be themselves above being guilty of the like in the same situation. Many things are thrown out in the several characters, on purpose to provoke friendly debate; and perhaps as trials of the reader's judgment, manners, taste, and capacity. I have often sat by in company, and been silently pleased with the opportunity given me, by different arguers, of looking into the hearts of some of them, through windows that at other times have been close shut up. This is an advantage that will always be given by familiar writing, and by characters drawn from common life. A living author, who succeeds tolerably, will have more enemies than a dead one. A time will come, and perhaps it is not far off, when the writer of certain moral pieces will meet with better quarter from his very censurers. His obscurity—a man in business pretending to draw characters for warning to one set of people; for instruction to another: Presumptuous!—

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But enough of this subject. I ought to be and am abundantly satisfied with the kind reception given to what I have obtruded upon the world, in a new light, and in the approbation of many truly pious and good.

Your Ladyship is at a loss, you say, to answer some parts of my last letter. You are pleased to magnify my patience and humility: For what?—For having a great opinion of your judgment, and for inviting your correction. "Either (you say) I have more good-nature than any man on earth, or am certainly the greatest hypocrite under the sun." From the knowledge I hope I have of my own heart, with that whole heart I disclaim hypocrisy, the lowest of all vices, ingratitude excepted. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; and can it require any great degree of patience to hear characters blamed that were not intended to be perfect? What battles have your beloved sister and I fought! She has reason to

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blame me for my rusticity, rather than for my yielding.

Your Ladyship could tales unfold. I hope Lady B—— will *not* be quiet, that you may be provoked to unfold them. I am particularly glad, that your Ladyship has not the dislike to a certain class of females whom that lady is so fond of satirizing. O! how have I used her on this occasion! She can hardly forbear: but just touches them now, and away. I think I have made her half afraid. But this Miss Do—Let us join forces, Madam, against this Miss Do. There is not a better lady on earth than your sister, when Miss Do is out of the way. Strange! that so excellent a lady as Lady B—— (your Ladyship's sister) should be so misled by such a flirt as Miss Do.—Yet, not so very strange neither: for I know not how it is, but I myself, though I could sometimes beat Miss Do, see something to be pleased with in that lively girl. Favour me, dear Madam, with the history of

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of this young lady, and her airs, that I may either like her more or less. I am sure she must have some good qualities, or she could never have had such an interest in the heart of a sister of Lady Echlin.

O that I could have the honour to see you two dear sisters under my happy roof! Lady B—— gives me hope, that she will be in London this winter. Then would your Ladyship and I, if there were occasion, join; but there would be no occasion. She would be all goodness. Miss Do would not be with her. She never once, in the visits she honoured me with, when last in town, brought that girl with her. She only is her companion in her closet or dressing-room; and now-and-then writes a paragraph for her there. And my lady is, in her absence, so mild, so meek.—Bless us, Madam! you cannot think how mild! how meek!—And I am so aukward, for not seeing any thing reproveable in her, yet remembering many flightinesses in her writing, that I know not how to behave myself to her.

A thou-

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A thousand thanks to your Ladyship for your kind compliance with my request, to be entrusted with your papers on the History of Clarissa. When? By what way will they come? I was in hopes that the permission, and notice of the transmission, would have been given in the same letter. They shall be very safe when they arrive, and attend your Ladyship's commands in the return.

I have written to Mr. Skelton. Let me intreat your acceptance of his Discourses from me. Your Ladyship would greatly oblige me, if you could inform me of any thing I or mine could do here, to give you pleasure.

I am, Madam, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Villaruse, Jan. 22, 1755.

COMPASSION for you Sir, kept me silent. Mr. Richardson, said I, has probably perused all my scrawled papers; justly then, may he say, he has had enough of my sorry pen-work, if his politeness would permit him to own it. I did repent, but it was a too late repentance.

Mr. Tickell, is surprisingly well, he never was in better spirits, I hear, than at present. I have not seen him, or his good mother, since Mr. Tickell's recovery; his long illness, deprived me of her company here; and never once, have I seen the gay town from June to January. I can spend the winter season, at this retired place, pleasantly, which is indeed, very surprising to some folks. Fine ladies and I differ widely in opinion, particularly

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larly concerning rational pleasure. If I should recommend the Rev. Mr. Skelton's instructive discourses to their perusal, they would call me a Methodist, no doubt; and I should be as little affronted with that, as I am at their thinking me a strange, old-fashioned, humdrum creature.

I heartily wish every Christian would read and wisely consider Mr. Skelton's fine and pious lessons. I admire the warmth of this learned gentleman's zeal; it is laudable and necessary, "especially in an age like this, which, for its coldness (he observes) may be called the winter of Christianity." A melancholy truth, elegantly expressed. I have only perused a small part, of this divine piece, and am greatly delighted with what I have read. Surely he is a heavenly man. I am very fond of Dr. Clark, and excellent good Seed. I thank you, Sir, for introducing another wise charmer, not less worthy of every body's regard. He merits attention, and religiously commands it.

Next

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Next time you see Lady B——, please to tell her, that the mother abbess, of the convent Villarusa, and aunt Nell (a professed nun) would be glad to hear, that her ladyship is in the land of the living: and a line from Miss Do will be welcome, without a word of pink and yellow.

I am in a merry mood you will think: in better spirits indeed, than when I wrote last: the good news, I then wished for to gladden my anxious heart, soon arrived. God be praised.

I thank you, good Sir, for repeating your kind wish, that I and my knight could be of your party. At present, I can only have the pleasure of hearing my friends are so very agreeably engaged. I ought to be content with banishment, and thankful that I am not an unfortunate exile. Whoever expects real happiness, in this world, is least happy.

Your unalterable Friend, &c.

ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

London, May 28, 1755.

I AM very sorry for the suspence so tender a heart, as that of your Ladyship's, was so long left in, with regard to the health of your beloved sister. Surely Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Ashurst, and even Lady B——, wrote in the space of time you mention; and their letters were unaccountably delayed, by adverse winds, or post-office negligence, or miscarried. But I have transcribed the last paragraph but two of your Ladyship's last favour to me, in a letter to our dear Lady B——, now at Waterstock, that she may know the just concern her beloved sister was in, on so long a silence.

I have had a warm invitation to Waterstock; and if I could have accepted it, should have thought myself happy; but several perverse

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verse incidents have concurred to deny me that very great pleasure. How little have I been favoured with the company of your beloved sister, since she has been in town this last time! Owing, indeed, to her unhappy and tedious malady, which all her other friends as well as I, have reason to deplore —yet, perhaps, when we recollect ourselves, to rejoice at; as her disorder invaded her before she reached town, and as she here met with more skilful and ready help, than she could have expected at Haigh.

Mrs. Ashurst is indeed an excellent woman. She married a daughter while she was in town, and I had not the pleasure of seeing her half so often as I wished.

Lady B—— and her dear Sr. R—— set out for Waterstock, in their way home, on the 20th of this instant. A visit from both, at Parson's Green, of two hours, the Sunday morning before, was all the time allowed us at parting. They could not stay to dine with us.

Dear

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Dear Lady Echlin, why should you wish to lay me under obligation to any man, for the saving me the postage of the letters you honour me with? You bid me not be affronted; but I should be grieved, were the postage treble the cost, if your Ladyship gave yourself concern about it or forbore on such a consideration to write to me, whenever you were disposed to do me so much honour.

I join with your Ladyship in thinking our good Dr. Hildesley very slenderly rewarded, by the bishoprick of Sodor and Man; yet, the late prelate was such a credit to religion, and kept so admirably right the people of his diocese, that I am glad so worthy a successor is given to them, and he rejoices in the pleasure he shall have of finding so good order there, and that he shall have little to do, but to tread in the same path. So he hopes; and has humility enough, to give honour where he finds it due, rather than to assume it for ostentatious motives. He is the only clergyman I know, who is

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likely to continue and improve upon the pious labours of the late good man, and make the people of his diocese happy. I hope to see him before he goes to Patmos; and shall not fail to let him know how highly he continues to stand in your Ladyship's favour.

"You kindly hope that I will not drop my new acquaintance, your beloved daughter, on Lady B——'s leaving London." I drop Mrs. Palmer! alas! I never had the pleasure of seeing her but once! I am very shy of obtruding myself on persons of condition. The favour of a repeated visit, must proceed from her, as she only before accompanied Lady B—— and, then the condescension will be acknowledged as such, with all due gratitude. But Temple Bar, is looked upon as a bar indeed, that divides the two ends of the town. Mrs. Palmer, with all her goodness, might be reproached for passing it, in favour of a citizen. I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most faithful,
and obliged humble Servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

June 20, 1755.

IF you call the good book* you kindly sent me a trifle, give me leave to say, it is a valuable trifle: O! Sir, it is a precious little volume, which contains abundance of fine instruction. It is a mirror, wherein I see the delicacy of your good and great mind.

Do you say, a person might be reproached for passing Temple Bar in favour of a citizen? Surely, Sir, the young lady you mention is not so foolishly courtly. I hope she is not so unlike her mother in that respect. Should she be so ridiculously fashionable, it would greatly trouble me. I never was fine lady enough to visit a duchess only because she was a duchess. Real worth, true merit, is the estimable and honourable: it always was, and ever shall be, right

*Maxims drawn from Clarissa, &c.

honour-

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honourable with me on either side Temple Bar, or wherever I am so happy to find it. I thank God I never had any of that contemptible sort of pride.

Is the good bishop gone to Patmos? You don't know that I have a better chance for seeing him, now he is banished. This place (Villarusa, which I have not now time to describe) is not far distant from that island. Don't you think his Lordship will trip over from thence to the kingdom of Ireland? I hope he has curiosity to see an unknown land at a very small expence of time or trouble. The very best place a person can come on shore from the Isle of Man, is almost at my door. I hope I shall have the pleasure and honour of begging the favour of his Lordship to walk into this house. I will only add my respects to Mrs. Richardson and your daughters.

I am, good Sir,

Your obliged, &c.

ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

London, July 7, 1753.

YOUR Ladyship's kind opinion of my last book is an encouragement to me, which was wanted; because some of my best friends wished that I had bestowed the time the collection cost me, in writing another story; and declared they would not read it: yet regarded the three pieces I have published more for the sake of instruction, than the story.—So they said. However, I can faithfully assure them, that this collection was set about, and carried through (and a very painful and laborious task it was) more with a view to do good, than to profit. I could not expect a great sale of it, though it is the pith and marrow of nineteen volumes, not unkindly received.

I was very far from imputing the dislike of

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of city visits, merely as such, to the amiable young lady, I so much admired at her first visit. What I wrote on that subject respected generally the fashion, and not that particular lady. I owe the misfortune of not being better known (I dare say) to Mrs. Palmer, rather to Lady B—'s much regretted illness of so long duration, than to Mrs. Palmer's want of condescension. How greatly do I admire your Ladyships sentiments on this subject! They are worthy of Lady Echlin, and her daughter must have imbibed them.

I am afraid, if Lady B— writes short letters to a sister she so dearly loves, she will not write long ones to any body. Soon after I had your favour before me, I received a very short one from her Ladyship; but we have worn out our subjects of disputation. Cannot your Ladyship set us into an innocent quarrel? Write something to her against me, that I may see if she is as good to me as she used to be, and will offer any thing in my vindication. What a strange request!

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Excuse me, Madam, for making it. Methinks it looks presumptuous; as if I depended too much on the favour of two sisters so excellent, when it would give me real grief had I done any thing intentionally to disoblige either.

I am very sorry that I had not the honour once more to see Lady Lambard. I am much obliged to your Ladyship, for your endeavours to obtain for me that favour. Lady B—'s much lamented indisposition unhinged us all.

I don't know whether the good Bishop is gone to Patmos, as most significantly you call the diocese to which he is banished, as you, with equal significance, phrase it; if he be not, I hope to see him, before he goes, and then I shall acquaint him with your Ladyship's favour to him, and with your hopes to see him, grounded on his vicinity to your Villarusa. His friends in England are very loth to part with him, I understand. No wonder! And now several of them, and

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some who had their sons with him, talk what they would have done for him, had he not accepted of this distant lure; but it is only now that he has, that they so talk. His Lordship assured me, that he has not changed his situation to his profit; so that his hopes, by moving in a larger sphere, of doing more good than in his former, must be his only motive for it. A motive worthy of his character! For such a man must be above the glare of title, and certainly is.

I am, Madam, with equal
gratitude and respect, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Russ, Sept. 2, 1755.

THIS sister of mine seems determined not only to write short letters, but also to write that little seldom. She says to me, "I shall avoid giving my good friend, Mr. Richardson, too much trouble for the future, by shortening my letters, and not writing too frequently." If she resolves against prolixity and frequency in writing to her most agreeable, her darling correspondent, who then can expect long letters, or to hear often from her? assuredly she will not afford anybody more pen-conversation than yourself.

Do you ask me to contrive an innocent quarrel?—Not I, indeed; I have not a pregnant brain; my little wit is not equal to so delicate a piece of invention. Are not you

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you intimately acquainted with an eminent contriver of harmless mischief? Don't expect that I should attempt to abuse Mr. Richardson, unless he instruct, as well as commission, me to do it. What a strange request, say you? So think I; but not at all presumptuous. Can any body depend too much upon real friends? In short, my dull head cannot contribute any thing towards a plot; and, besides, my heart is not willing to say any thing against you. I am not surprized at any body's wishing you would oblige the world with a new piece of agreeable entertainment; but, give me leave to think that such persons as refuse to read your last excellent book, are over fond of reading amusing stories. Can any one of your best friends so little regard (or slight) the pith and marrow of nineteen volumes, as not to applaud you for bestowing time and pains on that choice collection, with no other view but to do good to your fellow creatures. Profit you did not expect! Surely

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then your laborious work may justly be praised, as a benevolent act of charity; but no thanks do you get, except from old fashioned matrons, like your humble servant, who are better pleased with musty morals than a pretty love-story. I am even ill-natured enough to wish that whenever you are disposed to write again, you would disappoint your amorous readers, by not making the passion of love their entertainment. Allow me to say, the finest lessons you have written, and the best instruction you can give, blended with love intrigues, will never answer your good intention. I wish to see an exemplary widow drop from your pen; a very wicked widow has appeared in print lately. An amiable character would be an agreeable contrast; it would shine brightly after that black she-monster, the abominable Widow of the Wood.

My friend, Mrs. Green (I rank this good woman in the first class among prudent widows); mentioned you, Sir, and your family

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family with due regard in her last letter. She tells me Parson's Green is a pleasant country seat, and that your improvements have made it a delightful place. I heartily wish I may have the pleasure of paying my respects to you and Mrs. Richardson there, or on the unfashionable side of Temple Bar. With great good nature you excuse a certain young lady's faulty omission; all I shall say for her is, that she has been indisposed some time past. I am anxious again, but trust in God for her perfect recovery in due time.

Lady Lambard assures me, she was much disappointed in not meeting Mr. Richardson in Suffolk-street, and fully intended making you a morning visit, had not Lady B— discouraged her, by saying you was seldom at home in a morning, and her stay in London was so short, she could not avoid being engaged every evening. Soon after Lady Lambard reached her own house she was confined to her bed, with a fever; but, thank God, she is now perfectly well in health, much

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grieved to part with her dear friend, our good Bishop. It was not her fault, I am sure, that he is not more highly preferred; but I will not say the same for those people who now talk big, when he does not want their favours. This worthy clergyman could not have any selfish view in quitting a very agreeable situation, for that unprofitable remote spot, Patmos, a wild forlorn region! His sole inducement must be, as you observe, real and laudable beneficence. I hope this good man will discourage that contraband trade, so notoriously practised in that lawless island. Doubtless, he will endeavour to extirpate all unfair dealing; and, perhaps, he may do some good among our ignorant people here, who make no scruple of this illegal traffic. Our Russ fishers are too well known in the Isle of Man, and I heartily wish not one of their boats was to sail thither again, unless it were to bring the good Bishop from thence to Villarusa.

From this house we have an open sea-

prospect,

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prospect, and I think this ever ebbing, or flowing piece of water, a delightful entertainment. On a delicate, fine, smooth, sand, is my favourite ramble; close at the side of this herring-pond, I walk, well amused with artless variety; and in this pleasant bay, commodiously bounded with rocks, I bathe. I am fond of sea bathing; it is a pleasure and a benefit to me. No remedy so useful, I think, for bracing the nerves. Though the roaring sea is our near neighbour, directly facing the front-door, yet we are not bleakly exposed. We are sheltered by trees, which are looked on almost as a wonderful wood, because it is not a common advantage so near the sea-side to have them. Our gardens are large—more useful than fine; many pleasant walks; agreeable shade; and good fruit in a favourable season. The whole is nothing more elegant, nor less beautiful, than a delightful rural scene, so naturally pleasing, it less wants artificial decoration.

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As to my constant employ and amusement, I am inclined to be silent on that head. Shall I venture to tell you I never loved needle-work, nor am I a good housewife; yet I can employ myself from five in a morning till ten at night. Call me, if you please, a busy-do-little.

My sincere good wishes attend you and your's. I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged, faithful,
humble Servant,
ELIZA ECHLIN.

TO LADY ECHLIN.

London, Sept. 22, 1755.

YOUR Ladyship does me unmerited honour whenever you allow yourself time to write to me.

I had the honour of a letter from our dear Lady B—, dated at Knowsley. I am very

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very sorry that her Ladyship has any reason to complain with regard to her health, and that the waters of Knowsley-park had not the desired effect in restoring it perfectly. What a pleasure would it have been to her, as well as to the noble owners, had she received the wished-for benefit from springs arising in their domains!

I am not a little concerned at the passage your Ladyship quotes from your beloved sister's letter, "that, for the future, she should avoid giving me the trouble of long and frequent letters." Surely, I must have offended lady B—. Did I ever give her Ladyship reason for calling her favours of the writing kind a trouble?

Your next paragraph is a very kind one; I thank you, Madam, for it, and particularly for the concluding part of it.

I much admire what you say upon mingling love-subjects in my writings; but am afraid instruction without entertainment (were I capable of giving the best) would

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have but few readers. Instruction, Madam, is the pill; amusement is the gilding. Writings that do not touch the passions of the light and airy, will hardly ever reach the heart. Perhaps I have in mine been too copious on that subject; but it is a subject in which, at one time or other of their lives, all men and all women are interested, and more liable than in any other to make mistakes, not seldom fatal ones. Your Ladyship wishes a widow might drop from my pen; but were not this widow to have been a lover too, she would lose more than half her merit.

I wish it may be in the power of our good Bishop to put a stop, or give a check, to the illicit trade carried on in the Isle of Man. But nothing, I fear, will do it, while it is in the hands of a petty sovereign of its own. Should not the Crown purchase the right to it, wherever it lies? Wherever it lies, I say, since I am very doubtful of that of the present possessor. Yet your Russ fishermen, you say

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say—O! Madam, who is proof against temptation, strengthened by situation? Are not the inhabitants on the coasts throughout Great Britain and Ireland the worst of plunderers—plunderers of wrecks? And make they not often wrecks of ships, that put in, in distress, and which might otherwise, not seldom be got off?

You delight me, Madam, by your charming description of your Villarusa. It is the more delightful, as you seem not to know how charmingly you have described it. What a beautiful situation must that be, that, simply to mention it as it is, will strike one's imagination so much to its advantage!

"You never loved needle-work," because you could find yourself more important employment: I am sure that was the reason; or, perhaps, when very young, it was made too much your task. "Are not a good housewife!" Pardon me, Madam; and let me say, that the lady who can employ herself from five in the morning till ten at night, cannot

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cannot, I am sure, be neglectful of any one needful concern.

"A busy do-little," you call yourself; and our dear and lively Lady B— allows you to do so: but I will not either approve of your Ladyship's too great humility, or Lady B—'s pleasantry.

We have it here, that all the unhappy differences, which have for some time past kept at distance one of the best of sovereigns, and his best subjects of your kingdom, are happily made up. God grant they may!

I am, Madam,

with very great and

affectionate respect, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

London, Dec. 15, 1755.

WILL it be sufficient to plead for my long silence to the last favour of my dear and good Lady Echlin, that I have been wholly engrossed by builders? The house I live in, in Salisbury Court, has been adjudged to have stood near its time: and my very great printing weights at the top of it, have made it too hazardous for me to renew an expiring lease. I have taken a building lease of a court of houses, eight in number, which were ready to fall; have pulled them down, and on new foundations, have built a most commodious printing-office; and fitted up an adjoining house, which I before used as a warehouse, for the dwelling-house. An impolitic step at my advanced time of life, had I a more advantageous view for my family, than

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than that of having my business carried on after my demise, for its benefit.

People say I have done wonders, as to expedition. But it is at the expence of giving up a great part of my pleasure, in corresponding duly with my chosen correspondents. I did not think that any avocation or employment, however important, could have so much engrossed me; yet it was necessary that it should, in order to get into the printing-office part before the bad weather came on.

And now I have finished that part, and my men are at work in it, without being themselves sensible of their remove, but by their greater convenience. Will this, let me repeat, be a sufficient excuse to good Lady Echlin, for my long silence to her last favour? I hope it will.

I comprehend fully your Ladyship's meaning on your recommended subject, the good and exemplary widow. My building, though just completed, has not left my head so clear

to

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to writing subjects, as to make me able to resolve about entering into any more for the public. I think the little spirit I once had, of that kind, is departed from me. But I admire what you write on that your favourite subject; and should the spirit, I mean, offer again to irradiate my heavy mind, it should obtain my particular attention.

Do not say the amiable Mrs. Palmer is blameable with regard to me. We can no more choose friends than lovers for other persons. I can admire without being encouraged by a return of esteem; and think it rather my misfortune, than the fault of the admired, that I meet not with desirable favour. I have the vanity to hope, that did I endeavour personally to cultivate the favour of this fine young lady, as her good mamma and aunt encouraged me to do, and as the man in such a case should think it his duty to do, I should not, so recommended and favoured, have been repulsed. But in cases where

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where the favour must be done me, from condescension, on account of our different stations in life, I cannot help being backward; and the more so, as I imagine that the engagements of so excellent a young lady in the upper life, leave her as little leisure to encourage new ones, as the busy employments of the lower leave a man so much immersed in business, as I am; and who therefore wants, as I may say, a call, an invitation from a superior in rank; to which, when so favoured, I never was insensible. Thus, Madam, you see that the delicacy of sex considered, it may be as much my fault, nay more, that I have not been able to tell your Ladyship, how her beloved daughter looked in her present condition, than her's, that she has not condescended to improve an acquaintance so lately begun. I hope I may congratulate your Ladyship on Mrs. Palmer's safety and good health.

I have some complaint to make against our good bishop. He took not his leave of me before

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before he set out for Patmos, as your Ladyship fitly calls his diocese, though he made me hope he would: and has not written to me since his arrival there. Shall I be allowed to say, that I expected other things from the good vicar of Hitching?

What dreadful news have we from Lisbon! The only city in the world, out of the British dominions, by which so tremendous a shock could have so much affected us. When the Almighty's judgments are abroad, may we be warned!

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Feb. 7, 1756.

THOUGH you mention your advanced time of life, I hope, Sir, you may yet enjoy many happy years, before you arrive at old age in reality. And I heartily wish good Mr. Richardson a long and comfortable enjoyment of his wonderful expeditious building; the speedy finishing of it, you say, makes people wonder. I cannot suppose it is an impolitic step, because you could not act imprudently.

I have a mind to tell you, that I have raised a small building, in a short time, at Villarussa, on my favourite spot, close at the sea-side.

Under a high rock, in the midst of a wild rocky fence, stands my humble cell, which for shape and size may be called a bee-hive; it

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it is a pleasant retirement, in a very romantic situation, and, if you will allow of the expression, it is rudely elegant. This little work afforded me both amusement and exercise. Busy was I in collecting curious rocks, representing animals, and sea-monsters, with which that shore abounds; and with those unhewed carvings I ornamented my ragged, hanging shelves. I have no shell-work, only what nature affords, growing on my rocks, which appears more beautiful in my eye, than the formal delicacy of laboured art. I admire shells in their native dress, and I have a choice collection.

I wish you could see the simplicity and rough connection that suits my uncouth taste, you would then say, this rock-savage hive, grot, or hermitage (what shall I call it?) this private place was chosen, and the whole thing contrived, by an admirer of plain nature, and a lover of solitude. I have a desire to place as an inscription in the wall, over a small round window, a serious moral sentence:

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tence: but this requires a better head than my own. Shall I apply to the judicious author of Grandison: will he think me impertinent, if I ask his assistance?

I have lately seen your great admirer, Mr. Tickell, in high health and spirits. We had a long discourse concerning your good intention in writing your entertaining histories. Mr. Tickell "wished to see a thousand volumes from Mr. Richardson's divine pen, if he could live to read them," were his words. I told him, you had often mentioned him in your letters: he said, you honoured him: and desired me to return his grateful thanks and best respects.

I have not told you that I have read that good book, The Centaur not Fabulous. Sorry am I to know it is a melancholy truth: but I did not think there were so many monsters in human shape, as I now believe there are, from the bad reception that excellent lesson meets with in the world. Can they be rational creatures, who ridicule the author,

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author, and impudently call the reverend doctor a madman? God Almighty grant a speedy reformation. According to Isaiah, the prophet, saith "when the Almighty's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." But I almost tremble for this inconsiderate age, when I read the two following verses in this twenty-sixth chapter. One would hope the dismal catastrophe at Lisbon, the universal shock, will make some serious impression. I presume to think the whole earth has quaked, since the first day of last November. How thankful ought we people of these nations to be for God Almighty's great mercy vouchsafed unto us.

I have often said your good nature and humility is uncommonly great, which still I shall say, on your confirming my opinion in a paragraph concerning a certain young lady. Her late ill health is all I have to plead for her omission.

Dear Sir, your's, &c

ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

August 2, 1756.

MY grateful heart thanks you, dear Sir, though my pen can hardly express how greatly I am obliged to you for your cordial invitation. I do not despair of our meeting. There is more than a probability of my returning again to my native country, if God Almighty permit. I shall not forget your pious request. I do fervently beseech God to prolong your days upon earth, and to grant us a happier meeting in the kingdom of Heaven. I shall take the first opportunity of acquainting our good bishop, with your desiring to be remembered in his devout prayers. He is well in health, thank God! He does not seem to dislike his change: and I hope he does not meet with any ill-treatment. I read two short letters from

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from him, lately written to a friend of ours, on this side the water, with a kind message from his Lordship, in each letter, to me: and I daily expect an epistle from Patmos. If the Mank's Bishop (so he calls himself) can reform the clandestine traders among his people, it will be a wonderful and a happy reformation. Success in the fishery may perhaps induce our fishermen to be more diligent in that laudable employment: but I am afraid some of them will not be diverted from the commerce you mention upon any consideration.

"You have seen my daughter more than once:" I am glad to hear it. You say it is a mark of her judgment in cultivating a friendly intimacy with good Mrs. Donnellan. I hope she will not wrong her judgment in regard to Mr. Richardson: she can hardly give a stronger proof of deserving your favourable opinion, than by valuing your kind esteem, and establishing a reciprocal friendship.

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I am not quite a stranger to Mrs. Donnellan; she has an amiable character: and I rejoice that there is a friendship subsisting between this worthy woman and my child.

A blessed change in weather at Villarusa. I leave it to your lively imagination to fancy you see me at Rock-savage, on a bright summer-day, admiring a variety of beautiful prospects, or busily employed in placing my curious trifles, climbing rocks, perhaps, or seated on a wooden stool in my humble cell, at breakfast, after bathing in the herring pond. I do now enjoy this pleasant and convenient romantic place, although the thing is not completely finished; the intended inscription is not fixed: your four excellent lines are what I should chuse; nothing can be more proper than the two first. But, be it known to you, Sir, I cannot devote this grotto to serious meditation. I have retired thither quite alone—locked the door with intention to read intently: but there is a tempting window, which di-

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verts the eye from a book—this peep-hole presents so many amusing objects full in sight, the temptation is irresistible.

Mrs. Sheridan is, I know, a sensible, and an agreeable woman: she is, I think, a fit companion for that ingenious man, who is (you justly observe) equally learned and worthy. His good sense, learning, and sound principles, need not now be a secret to any body that can read. I am charmed with his excellent book: never read any piece so completely judicious. He has made me quite sick of rhyme: so, Sir, you must (I think) excuse me from sending you the ill-digested heap of stuff which I inadvertently mentioned.

I am

Your grateful, humble Servant,

ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO MR RICHARDSON.

July 31, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW you are inclined to judge favourably, and naturally disposed to pity the afflicted: I therefore doubt not your making a reasonable allowance, nor your having tender compassion for me, when I assure you my long silence hath been occasioned by a woeful misfortune, which sorely afflicts my heart. I cannot describe what my anxious mind suffered between slender hope and tormenting fear, before a melancholy event made me a sorrowful widow. Indeed, Sir, I have lost a tender husband; a very worthy valuable man. No wonder I am bitterly afflicted for such a lamentable loss: but I endeavour to moderate my grief, by consi-

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considering it is my duty to submit patiently to the will of God. Almighty Wisdom, seeing what was best, and good for us, has punished me deservedly; and under this trial let me be thankful that I have not the least doubt of my dear husband being happily released from a miserable state of health, A blessed change it was for him, who endured a long and painful illness, with exemplary patience and Christian resignation; contented to live or die, as it pleased God Almighty. No mortal ever quitted this life with more apparent tranquillity. The last sad scene, so distressing to me, was not unhappy to him, I am sure: and that is my consolation. Excuse me, dear Sir, troubling you with my groans. I shall add a few lines more concerning my present condition; for I cannot help telling you, my dear departed hath testified his respect and dependance on a faithful wife, by appointing me sole executrix: and I am also guardian to his only nephew, who inherits his good

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uncle's estate and title. I am as anxious for this young man's welfare, as if he were my own child: and his uncle and I have been parents to him from the hour he was born. This boy's father died several months before the child came into the world; and his mournful mother, overwhelmed with grief, expired immediately after the birth of her son. An infant, thus deprived of both father and mother, is a most pitiable case: but he has not been an unhappy orphan; and I heartily wish my great loss may not prove a greater misfortune to him. At his early time of life, in such circumstances, and in such a libertine age, a boy under seventeen is in a dangerous situation. God give him grace to make a right use of an uncommon good understanding. He is a fine hopeful youth at present; has had a private education, not to his disadvantage in any respect; and I hope to see him a sober and serious student at Oxford, please God we live. Some people

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people would be apt to think me impertinent, and perhaps would say—What is all this to me?—but Mr. Richardson, I know, is not such a man.

I have seen Mr. Sheridan here lately; he appeared to be in pretty good spirits; but I think he cannot be tolerably happy, unless he quits the slavish management, which does not better either his health or fortune. The little wonder was quite a new scene to him; he admires the romantic situation greatly: but, alas! it does not afford me pleasure as usual; Villarusa is not what it was: all appears dull and gloomy, in my tearful eye, though I do labour to recover my spirits.

I shall rejoice to hear you enjoy such a state of health, as is sincerely wished and prayed for by,

Dear Sir,

Your unalterable Well-wisher,
and faithful, humble Servant,

E. ECHLIN.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

August 12, 1757.

MOST heartily do I condole with your Ladyship on your very great loss; and should have presumed to do it before, had I not been myself so ill in the nervous way, that for some time I was unable to write; and had I not at other times considered that any thing I could offer by way of consolation for so heavy a deprivation, to so good a Christian, and so pious a heart, would be needless; and that time, the pacifier of *every woe*, could only, by God's grace, alleviate *your's*. Nor did I doubt, that your good sister, and your favoured bishop, would be ready to pour the balm of Christian comfort into the wounds of your mind.

I con-

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I congratulate you, Madam, on the resignation and pious departure of the gentleman you so tenderly loved. What pleasure must this give, on reflection, to such a mind as your's! How much ought this reflection to alleviate the pangs that will accompany it on the loss you have so recently sustained!

Your Villarusa will be again your Villarusa to you: but time must have first mellowed your affliction. A journey to England will perhaps be of use to you: to Oxford, so much in the way of your new duty; to Lancashire, receiving from, and giving comfort to, beloved relations there; to London, perhaps in company of those dear relations, and to a beloved daughter and her young family, and other friends. [May I have the honour to be one in the list?] Then, after all these duties paid, and inclinations gratified, will your Villarusa appear to you with new charms; nor will a tender sigh and silent tear to the memory of the dear departed, in that little wonder,

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diminish, but rather exalt, the joys of your meditation.

God Almighty sanctify to your Ladyship your present affliction, is a prayer put up by all mine, as well as by,

Madam, your most faithful
and obliged humble Servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Rock Hermitage, Nov. 10, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

ACCEPT my grateful thanks for your last obliging favour. "Time (as you observe) is the pacifier of every woe," with God's assistance; and "time may mellow my affliction." But very sure I am, deep wounding grief is incurable on this side the grave

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grave. "Villarusa will again be Villarusa to me," you say. No, Sir! that is impossible! This house, these admired improvements, this country, never more can be agreeable to me. If God Almighty permits me to see my native country it is probable I shall not return again to Ireland. And yet I am so attached to my hermitage, I feel unwilling to quit that bewitching little cell. When my sorrowful days came, the little wonder was, and is, a wonderful recreation to me; and thankful I am, that this innocent, retired amusement, serves to unbend my mind. I wish Mr. Richardson could see me in that romantic situation, seated on the mid-rock, the briny flood flowing within a few yards of my feet. Don't be alarmed, good Sir, you may venture to sit by me; it is not Shakespeare's dangerous mid-rock.

I am glad you call my freedom kind: but cannot allow that it is in the least condescending to acquaint Mr. Richardson with

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my affairs: nor should he, who so justly merits esteem, doubt his "being one" in the short "list" of my most valuable friends; one on whom I could rely, and repose a fearless confidence. Although we are not personally acquainted, surely there is friendship subsisting between us; and if I do ever reach Old England, I trust my honoured friend "may live to see the day."

I hope my young man will not disappoint my expectation of his settling at the university; but I dare not be over-sure of any thing in this uncertain world.

I must tell you, Sir, our good bishop gives me hopes of seeing him in Great Britain; and I hope you may see that agreeable day. This excellent prelate has been particularly kind to his unseen admirer, under affliction. Not been sparing "to pour the balm of Christian comfort;" nothing is wanting but a wished-for visit from Patmos. But why should I expect such a compliment. His Lordship, in every letter to me, mentions Mr. Richard-

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Richardson with great regard. I told him you had been so much indisposed in the nervous way, that for some time you were not able to write. He answered "not able to write! alas! that great genius! then I must not trouble the good man with a temptation to write to me."

I beg my respects to Mrs. Richardson, and to your daughters, with grateful thanks to you and them, for that kind concern, and pious remembrance, which will always be duly acknowledged by, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, thankful,
and unalterable faithful Friend,
E. ECHLIN.

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TO LADY ECHLIN.

Dec. 3, 1757.

YOU charm me, Madam, with your description of your rock-hermitage. What a sweet retirement must it be, as you have improved it! "The little wonder you tell me, in your more thoughtful hours, was, and still is, a wonderful recreation to you; and that you are thankful (I am sure you are for every relief) that this innocent, retired amusement serves to unbend your mind. And does your Ladyship wish that I could see you in that romantic situation, seated on the mid rock, the briny flood flowing within a few yards of your feet? Don't be alarmed, Sir (add you, most condescendingly) you may venture to sit by me—it is not Shakespeare's dangerous mid-rock."

What would I give for a sketch of this sweet

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sweet hermitage, and of the wonders round it, and in prospect from it? With what delight should I place it near the picture of the house at Haigh, which I was allowed upon my own terms (as this must be) to take a copy of; your beloved sister's and Sir Roger's figures in it, meditating the beauties of the situation! May I not hope, dear Madam, to be so indulged? Is there not in your knowledge some young artist, that on my account could be so employed? Let me have in constant view, the sweet, the "bewitching little cell which so attaches to it, the heart of good Lady Echlin, which she feels so unwilling to quit; which is, in her deeper meditation, a wonderful recreation to her, and serves to unbend her mind, and in which she condescends to wish I could see her."

Your Ladyship bids me hope for the pleasure of seeing you in England; I should have the more joy on such a wished-for occasion, as I think the change of scene must be of consolation and diversion to you; and as you

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you must give and receive so much delight to and from such near and dear relations, as you have here; and the rather as you are of opinion that Villarusa, consolatory as it is at times to you, can never be all that it once was to you.

If the land and sea views I am a petitioner for, with your sweet hermitage, cannot be conveniently granted, a sketch in Indian-ink or black lead on vellum, would delight me, hanging before me in view of your dear sister and Sir Roger's Haigh. Still, my dear Lady, either way, on my own terms.

God bless your young gentleman, your ward! may he answer all your pious cares and wishes!

Your Ladyship's obliged, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 5, 1758.

BE it known to you, dear Sir, I long since intended to send you a sketch of my humble cell, which you are pleased to wish for, and desire to have, upon your own terms; pray, dear Sir, don't name that word again; if you mention any thing like it, you quite spoil the compliment. I have a young artist, a fair lady. She was drawing with her Indian-ink, prettily employed in that romantic situation; but, alas! unhappy days came—you know how it has been with me, and I will not again trouble you with my groans, if I can help it.

"What would you give for a sketch of that hermitage, &c." Why you have given all I could wish; you have honoured my favourite by

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by your most pleasing request; and its picture you shall have, please God we live. But this piece of plain nature, is by no means fit to be placed near that palatium mansion house, Haigh. I wish I may see it fixed in your pleasant, rural retreat. Indeed, Sir, I do hope to place it with my own hands, at Parson's Green—if I live to reach the south of England, I trust we shall meet.

I received a letter from Patmos this week; our right reverend friend is in good health, thank God, and talks of his intended trip to Great Britain. If there is such another divine under the sun, what would I give, to have him my young gentleman's preceptor, at Oxford. I am anxious about this material point; a discreet, good clergyman I want for that purpose; would much rather choose a real good Christian, than what the world calls a clever learned man. I have applied to the good Bishop of Oxford, for his advice and assistance on the important occasion. My friend Ashurst consulted his Lordship, and I depend.

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depend greatly upon his recommendation. He is my second best bishop in the world—no modern, card-playing prelate.

"It would do you good, to be employed in any way that would do me service, or give me pleasure." I gratefully thank you, dear Sir. If you are not the man justly entitled "to the sacred name of friend," I know not who can deserve it; and if I should not highly value such uncommon friendship, most unworthy must I be of Mr. Richardson's friendly regard.

Your mourning wax and paper, alarmed me. Rejoiced I am, all is well at home. Many happy years may you and your family enjoy together, sincerely prays your less happy

Much obliged, &c.

ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Queen-street, April 6, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not take up too much of your precious time with accounting particularly for my unmannerly silence. Let it suffice to tell you, my infirm head has been so much disturbed by agitation of mind, I have been hardly able to write to any body; not one line, even to Lady B—, for the space of three months at least.

My pen has been sometimes employed on my young gentleman's account; I have done all within my power towards placing him in the best manner at Oxford; but that is so much labour lost, for I believe he will not go to the university; so his guardian aunt can

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can only pray for him; and may a good guardian angel carefully attend him, under the direction of Divine Providence.

I am thankful that he is safely arrived in England, and if you have seen any one of my friends lately, perhaps you know that this youth is now in London. I have only this satisfaction in his present situation, he is strongly attached to some of the most worthy and good people in Great Britain. You are perhaps acquainted with my Lady H—; don't you think she is an excellent woman, a most exemplary, pious, good Christian. I have not the honour to be personally known to her Ladyship, but (fortunately I hope) my nephew is on the list of her intimate acquaintance; and this, Sir, is a whisper in your ear between ourselves. I shall not say more on this subject at present writing; probably, you may hear something of it from another quarter.

I cannot help wishing you may see my nephew; but I will not introduce him, because

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because I would not encumber you with a new comer, as my Lady B— seemed to think when I first took a liberty with my pen against her approbation.

Our little wonder, Sir, makes a tolerably pleasant appearance upon canvas. My fair artist despaired of doing justice, upon the whole, and durst not attempt a finishing stroke, which has not caused any delay in the execution, for the picture is almost completed. But I will not have a word more said concerning terms, not so much as a pepper-corn, a book—a favourable reception will be a very sufficient return.

My best wishes attend you and yours, and am, dear Sir,

Your obliged, &c.

ELIZA ECHLIN.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

December 13, 1759.

GOOD Mr. Richardson, it is not in my power to say how highly I esteem and value your cordial friendship, nor enough to admire your good and generous heart. Your unseen friend would ill deserve such an invitation, attended with all imaginable kindness, could she allow that so bountiful a scheme for her accommodation "is only a mere offer of friendly civility." Dear Sir, I think it affectionately kind and obliging; "and think you," Sir, I can imagine "privacy or retirement would be broken in upon?" No, surely; in Mr. Richardson's house, who could have any such apprehension? "A family without secrets; lovers of privacy," and not frequent visitors; such always find

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find comfort at a home agreeable to themselves, and render it so to others of the same rational turn and taste, Don't talk of a genteel neighbourhood to Dame Echlin; she has nothing to say to such fine people, for you are to know, and I hope you will see, that she is not at all genteel, in the fashionable sense of that expression.

Please God we live, I trust we shall meet at Parson's Green: to pay my respects to you, good Sir, and your agreeable family, is my sole inducement, and will afford me sufficient pleasure, without additional company. It is very ungenteel not to be always young, but it is past noon with me, and too late in the evening to be much gratified with novelty. You are pleased to call your Villa a little place; but I am sure it is a palace compared to the small habitation Lady Echlin makes her real home at present. I only desire to live quiet in this pleasure-mad world.

Lady B— informed you, I suppose, that I tarried several weeks at Haigh. Thankful

I am

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I am for the satisfaction of seeing my two sisters and many valuable friends in good health. It was a pleasing surprise to meet my friend Greene at my first arrival in Lancashire, and we spent several days together at Haigh. In Lady B—'s dressing-room, I was introduced to Mr. Richardson in effigy; and I rejoiced to see that agreeable portrait, which has such a pleasant countenance; it looks pleased with notice from a friendly eye, and seems to return a sensible obliging smile. I am assured the resemblance is so strong I could not mistake the original in "the Mall," or the "Bird-cage Walk."

Lady B— gave me a particular account of that most humane and pious act of charity—the Magdalen-house; and truly glad I am, that so religious an asylum is provided for the most miserable creatures upon earth. I thank you, good Sir, for presenting me with two volumes on this subject. Cases so shockingly unhappy are pitiable, and none

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are more worthy of compassion than real penitent sinners. Your preface is a most excellent fine discourse; one need not be a conjurer to discover the writer. Who but the author of Clarissa could so sensibly affect and touch a reader with the penitent's lamentable story, and with a benevolent Grandison spirit, help forward a charitable work, to succour and promote the future welfare of so many wretched and forlorn. And it is to be hoped a bountiful subscription will be continually supporting this laudable institution.

With repeated thanks for all your favours, I subscribe with pleasure, dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend, and
grateful, humble Servant,
ELIZA ECHLIN.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 28, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE a grateful remembrance of your favours, and a just sense of my great obligation to good Mr. Richardson, who often kindly invited an unseen friend to Parson's Green; and now I hope to have the pleasure of seeing him there very soon. It is my intention to pay my respects to you and Mrs. Richardson, about the middle of April, in case my visit at that time be not inconvenient to you; and I must insist upon having no ceremonious treatment in any shape, nothing is so agreeable to me as frank and friendly freedom; and if I did not expect it from you and Mrs. Richardson, I would not tarry one night under your roof; therefore,

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good Sir, allow me to take my own way, else I must drop my intended visit at Parson's Green; but, in case every thing coincides with my wishes, it must be a secret expedition. I beg you will conceal my name; I have a substantial reason for desiring this privacy, which you will excuse my not explaining at present; when we meet, you shall know why and wherefore. So, Sir, I am Mrs. Roberts, if you please, a particular friend of your's, and so forth.

Dear Sir, you will shortly see, I hope, what sort of a body your humble servant is; the most unfashionable plain country body you can imagine—uncouth at least. "Female attendant!" All her servants, let me tell you, are just in the very same style; they never eat the bread of idleness, and must be employed even in your house; give me leave to tell you that.

My good little kinswoman tells me she saw you this winter in pretty good health; I rejoiced to hear it. If you should see her shortly,

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shortly, not a word of my intention to her, nor to Lady B—.

Now, Mr. Richardson, you see the private gentlewoman (who hopes to spend a fortnight with her obliging friends) makes as free with your house as your hospitable heart can wish.

Don't expect Dame Roberts until you find her at your villa; for, good Sir, in case neither yourself, nor Mrs. Richardson, &c. should happen to be there, I shall walk in; and, as my refreshment after travelling is only tea or coffee, I bring that.

Dear Sir,

Your obliged, &c.

E. E.

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TO MRS. ROBERTS.

London, April 1, 1760.

MY DEAR, MY GOOD MRS. ROBERTS,

ALL your commands, as far as our awkwardness will allow, shall be most cheerfully complied with. My wife, my girls, myself (as far as I can answer for myself, considering my troublesome affairs in town, which will be obeyed) will be devoted to you, dear Madam. I was willing to try to write myself, to tell you how thankfully I receive the notice of your kind acceptance of my pressing invitation, which obliged me to lose one post since I had the honour of your's. Whenever you please to favour us, you will find a most cordial welcome from us all.

Your attendant female, your servants, I hope you would not *wish* to avoid bringing with

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with you. Your Ladyship, I hope, will not want that frankness with us, which you are pleased to require from us to your good self. Can you procure a companion in the most worthy Mrs. Ashurst? who knows?

Your faithful and most obliged
humble Servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE REV. MR. PECKARD

AND

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Feb. 5, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

GIVE me leave to address you in this familiar, yet sincere, manner, for every good man is really dear to me, though I am not so happy as to enjoy a personal acquaintance with him. In the eastern world, many an age since, it was a maxim that none were great but those who were good: pre-emi-

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nence in social virtues gave the pre-eminence in civil society: and as an acknowledgment of superior goodness, as well as a mark of gratitude for such a public blessing to society, none were permitted to approach the great, without some little token of submission; no matter what it was, the most insignificant trifle might perfectly express humility and gratitude of mind. In imitation of this custom, laudable in its institution, and founded on the best reasons (though much abused and corrupted in succeeding times): as an acknowledgment of your superior character, as a testimony of gratitude for your kind civilities to my better part, and as an introduction of myself to an acquaintance which I have long desired, and shall always esteem, I take the liberty of coming to you with a trifling present in my hand.

The loose sheets which you receive by this post, I had thrown together some time since without any design of publishing

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them; but when I shewed them to my friend, Dr. Law, he insisted that I should print them, being of opinion that they might possibly be of some little service*

I fancy you may make this a twelvepenny affair. If it brings any profit, it is heartily your's, and I hope it will at least defray the expence of printing. But however, if it should not, that I may not lead you into an inconvenience when I intend the contrary, the deficiency I will take upon myself.

My good woman desires her love and best respects to yourself and all your family, and we are both very sincerely and affectionately

Your's,

P. PECKARD.

* A Dissertation relative to the late Earthquake.

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TO THE REV. MR. PECKARD.

London, Feb. 16, 1756.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I OUGHT, before now, to have acknowledged the receipt of your favour of the fifth, with the Dissertation that accompanied it. Shall I say that I was sometimes at a loss in what manner to acknowledge the many kind things your good nature and partiality obliged you to say in favour of my writings.

Though I am convinced of the necessity of publishing soon the Dissertation, yet I am but now able to put it into hand, by reason of the hurry I mentioned, occasioned by some business that is to be brought before the Parliament. Shall I presume to offer to your re-consideration, those passages in the Dissertation, in which Lord Boling-

broke

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Broke and Mr. Hume are mentioned (I humbly think) with too great harshness of expression, not for their sakes, but for your own. I think them very mischievous writers. I despise the one, for his absurdities and contradictions of himself, as well as for his presumption and evil intentions; and very much dislike the other, for his attempts to sap the foundations of our common Christianity: but, should the one be referred, by a pious and Christian divine, to the suicide he so profligately vindicates? the other be called, what yet he is, an impudent liar? and this in passages that make (not necessarily) parts of your principal subjects? Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can. Your name being to be fixed to the piece, gives me courage to represent this to you, for your re-consideration.

If the piece succeeds, as to sale, you must allow me to alter the terms you propose to me, and you shall have a faithful account from the publisher of it.

I think it a very great felicity that I have

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been favoured with the sight, and (more than once in the short time of her being in town) with the conversation of a lady, whose genius and general character I very much admired before. I congratulate you both, kindred spirits (as you always were) on your happy union.* May all the blessings of this life, preparatory to the joys of the next, be your's!

My wife, my daughters, join with me in best respects to her. Who (they ask) that is possessed of such a jewel, can wish for greater happiness? Not having the pleasure of knowing Mr. Peckard, they judge of his merits by her choice; and are prepared by that to think highly of you. If any call bring you and your lady to town, we shall all hope to cultivate an acquaintance, so happily begun.

I am, Sir, your affectionate
and faithful, humble Servant;
S. RICHARDSON.

* Mrs. Peckard's maiden name was Ferrer. She wrote several elegant little poems.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Huntingdon, Feb. 19, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of your letter, which I received yesterday, and particularly for the observations which you make upon those passages which you dislike in the Dissertation. I am entirely of your opinion, for the reasons you give; and if I were not, I should not hesitate a moment to give up my own opinion to your's. For, in general, I can plainly see in other men, that none are so bad judges of their productions as they themselves are; and I am sure I know no reason why I should be an exception to this general observation. I therefore beg of you to strike out whatever you dislike, and to make whatever

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ever alterations you think necessary. I do assure you I shall be perfectly satisfied with any thing you will either put out or put in.

You have given my good woman a great triumph over me, by showing me that your opinion and her's is the same. When I recommend to Mr. Hume to hang himself, I am only in jest; but irony is no better than inconsistency in a serious performance, and, therefore, for that reason, if there was no other, it would be better left out.

My Patty joins with me in sincerest respects to all your family; whenever we come to town, the pleasure of seeing you and them will be a principal inducement. In the mean time, we are very faithfully and affectionately

Your's, &c.

P. PECKARD.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 14, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

GIVE me leave to interrupt you a moment, to inform you, that I have ready for the press a small tract, to be intitled, "A Preparatory Essay on the Intermediate State between Death and Resurrection," or something to that purpose. I hope to send it to you in a few days, if my present engagements will allow me an hour to look it over, and correct some of its faults. In all human probability it will be the beginning of a theological controversy, in which I shall pretend to nothing more than the humble office of opening the door to introduce the combatants. It will enforce the examination of some points which have been perhaps too hastily

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hastily taken for granted; and, I hope, may contribute something to the removal of many heavy difficulties from Christianity, which have been arbitrarily tacked to it as essentials, and with which it has nothing to do. The consequences of publishing this Essay will not to myself be of the lucrative kind; but if I can discharge my duty, and satisfy my conscience, I am pretty easy as to the advantages of this world.

Our friend, Miss Pennington, arrived at Huntingdon last Monday safe, but not well. I and my good woman are retired to a little cottage in the woodlands, and the roads at present are so bad that the female friends have not been able to speak otherwise than by letters; and I have had but one opportunity of seeing Miss Pennington, and that only for a quarter of an hour.

Adieu! dear Sir, I am, with sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, affectionately,

Your's,

P. PECKARD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE REV. MARK HILDESLEY

(BISHOP OF SODOR AND MANN)

AND

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hitchin, Dec. 20 1753.

WORTHY SIR,

I DON'T know that I have for some time met with any thing (not immediately relating to myself) that has more raised my indignation, than the account I have seen of Sir Charles Grandison's being anticipated in Ireland during the time you were preparing it for the press.

I had

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I had the other day an opportunity of venting some part of my spleen against the perpetrators of it, in a letter to a worthy lady, who honours me with her correspondence, and who is a great favourite at the court of Dublin, Lady Lambard by name; who, I dare say, will soon give me the pleasure of knowing, that her righteous soul has in all companies most fervently expatiated on this Irish piece of iniquity. This, Sir, I did, not in the hopes of serving you, which I am as incapable of, as I am of claiming any sort of title to your friendship or acquaintance. To admire your talents is sufficient honour to me, as I thereby manifest some degree of taste; the want of which I have seen occasion sometimes to pity in several of far greater pretensions to learning than myself.

I once took the liberty of paying my personal compliments to you at your own house, though in a very aukward manner, I am sure, for want of a third person to introduce me, and apologize for my intrusion.

The

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The unaffectedly easy and agreeable reception you gave me, I well remember encouraged my taking up more of your time, than I ought. My whole curiosity and intention then was to obtain a sight of the external form of a person, whose inward qualities had afforded me so much entertainment, and to do myself the pleasure of making him a low bow in testimony of my gratitude and veneration. As your candour, Sir, induced you to forgive the impertinence of that unusual freedom of address from an entire stranger (whereas you might have taken me up on suspicion of being a *rapparee*) to the same disposition to judge favourably of all men you don't know to be rascals will I venture to trust, for your vouchsafing this very unwarrantable interruption of your precious moments the like favourable construction.

I am a little obscure man, wholly unknown to the literary world: a country vicar, who, for these twenty-three years past, has been employed

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employed in honest endeavours to make his small talents useful, in the awful province of a large cure of souls, with a cheerfulness and satisfaction, which a consciousness of a due attention to the duties of his function (how imperfectly soever executed) naturally inspires.

By this portrait of myself, I mean only to intimate, that I am a person of station and abilities too low to call for any share of your time or notice, beyond what shall be sufficient to assure me of your pardon and indulgence; but at the same time, of a temper of soul incapable of any motive of writing to one I have no sort of connection with, more than what is common to fellow-christians in general, but that of my ardent desire to express the highest esteem for an author so able and disposed to promote virtue and religion, as Mr. Richardson appears to me to be, by his inimitable productions: I mean his Clarissa in particular: from whence it is I have chiefly formed my judgment of the great

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great genius in Salisbury Court. For I must frankly own to you, Sir, that my engagements in the business of my profession, and the care of some domestic pupils, have not yet permitted me to see or know any thing of your last work, excepting what I should have been glad there had been no occasion for my knowing, viz. of its premature progress on the other side of the water.

If you shall be graciously pleased to grant an act of oblivion to the weakness and presumption of this application from a stranger, you will thereby confirm me in the opinion I already have of your humane and candid spirit, and lay a particular obligation on,

Sir, your truly respectful,

and most humble Servant,

MARK HILDESLEY.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hitchin, July 11, 1754.

THOUGH I once took the liberty of intruding a letter upon Mr. Richardson, on occasion of the iniquitous treatment his excellent labours had undergone in Ireland, and for which I was favoured with his very gracious acknowledgment, yet I could by no means look upon myself either by abilities or station qualified (notwithstanding his condescending invitation) to continue a correspondence with so great a genius. But having lately received an intimation, that such my really modest and self-denying forbearance has made me suffer in his opinion of my decency and good manners, I hereby intreat you, Sir, to exert your candour in allowing me to be as incapable of a wilful slight, as I am of doing justice to your great worth.

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worth. But, alas! who or what am I, that presume to speak of Mr. Richardson or his productions, which are, and will be, just what they are, neither better nor worse for all I can say or think of them?

I begin now to think, perhaps, too late, that it would have been far better and more eligible for me, never to have been known or named to so valuable a person as Mr. Richardson, than to have hazarded a construction of the least degree of disrespect toward him.

"A slight from a good man!" Sir, can a good man slight Mr. Richardson? Let the alternative light where it ought, whenever he is slighted.

I have, I assure you, felt so much from the intelligence I received, of the reproach you honour me with, that I question whether I shall ever command confidence enough, how much soever disposed personally, to ask your pardon.

Further confessions still, in order to dis-

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burthen my conscience, must be made; which will render me more and more an object of your generosity or contempt. I have been in town, since the receipt of your letter, and did not, dared not, call on you! I had not waited on Sir Charles; and could not shew my face to Mr. Richardson. Even Clarissa, I believe, was in my possession upwards of two years before I was experimentally acquainted with her excellencies. A successively close, uninterrupted perusal of seven volumes (for I choose not to mince and piece out such a sort of repast, as a rich mind like your's, Sir, must be likely to furnish) a man who works as well as prays for his daily bread, cannot readily sit down to, with any prospect of enjoyment, unless he was endowed with the faculty which I am sure the Vicar of Hitchin is not, of commanding attention and dispatch together.

Whenever I am extremely pleased with a book of any sort, I can steal time to look into, I find in myself an almost irresistible propensity

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pensity to acknowledge my obligation to the author, however personally unknown. An impertinence this (in such a one as I am at least) which, though with difficulty, I refrained from being guilty of, upon my first reading Clarissa, at last broke from me, without thought or foresight of the consequence of a country parish priest's addressing a celebrated writer, who might probably call upon him to make good his pretensions.

And now, Sir, being returned to the point which introduced this, as well as my former epistle, it is high time to release you, by assuring you, that if I can, from any hand, or by any means, learn any likelihood of my being restored to your favourable opinion, it will be a singular satisfaction to me, who (though you should never write or speak to me more) will be proud of an admission to the last place in the lowest class of your friends, and do persist (notwithstanding I have not yet read the History of Sir Charles Grandison) in declaring myself an

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invariable admirer of the ingenious and worthy author of Clarissa, and consequently his

obedient humble Servant,

M. HILDESLEY.

P. S. The majority of those of our sex, whose sentiments I've had an opportunity of hearing, I perceive give the preference to Clarissa—of the other to Sir Charles Grandison; whether this be merely reciprocal complaisance, I cannot say.

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TO THE REV. MR. HILDESLEY.

London, July 13, 1754.

WHAT pain have I given myself in the pain I have given to a most worthy heart! Dear and truly reverend Sir, you think too humbly of yourself; too highly of me! In what manner has the sincere hearted Dr. Webster reported my unwillingness to give up the hopes I had conceived of an acquaintance with a man of Mr. Hildesley's character; a character confirmed to me worthy and excellent, from Lady Echlin and Lady Lambard, who both so greatly and justly respect you? And still further confirmed by Dr. Webster, and worthy Mr. Bennet. Reproach, Sir! harsh word! I intended not the respectful sentiments I expressed of you to my friend, as a reproach; but as a desire of preserving a place in your good opinion;

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and a half fear of having, by some means or other, if not forfeited, lessened it. It was not, Sir, that you condescended to think highly of the history of Clarissa, or justly of my design in writing it, that I was fond of cultivating your kindly-offered friendship; but because it was the offered friendship of a man noted for his goodness, and the indefatigable pains he takes in the performance of all his important duties.

It is your province to instruct: you want not to be instructed, were my poor writings capable of affording useful hints to a good and well-disposed mind. My dear Sir, you have only somewhat affected me, in your forbearance of paying me a personal visit, when you were in town, because you had not read the History of Sir Charles Grandison. Do not, I beseech you, think me a vain creature; a man wanting to be complimented on his writings. All I would have expected from you, if you had had leisure to peruse such a voluminous work, could have only

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only been correction, or to have suggested to me any thing that would have served to make my best character more useful. But these should have been at your own motion: I am not for teazing my friends with my subjects. If they lead into them so spontaneously, as that I may not impute their choice to good-natured complaisance merely, then do I convince them, that I am more desirous of their correction and improvement, than of their praise. Dear Sir, do I not write with hopes to improve the younger world; and shall I not wish, preferably to all other considerations, to be improved myself, by the elder, and by those who, living in a constant exercise of their first duties, are capable of improving a man moving in a much narrower sphere than they do.

I repeat, that I am grieved for having grieved you. Dear Sir, forgive me. Let not your many and great avocations be in the least interfered with, either by the History of Sir Charles Grandison, or its writer. If

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I can preserve the place I wish for in your esteem, and be remembered in your prayers, I shall think myself,

Your obliged humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO THE REV. MR. HILDESLEY.

London, Oct. 22, 1754.

MY dear and good Mr. Hildesley must not believe that my long silence is owing to neglect or the least disrespect, or to any thing but consideration for his time so importantly employed in his domestic and parochial duties. Yet I ought to have told you before, if but in six lines, how much my pleasure was increased by the opportunity of making our acquaintance personal at Barnet; and

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and by what passed between your worthy friend, Dr. Young, and me, when we could have your presence no longer.

What a cheerful-making thing is true piety! I was sure you were a cheerful man before I saw you. The consciousness of a duty well performed, I have ever since seen in your every remembered feature and air. This is more than a compliment. If it abashes you, take it as a punishment for the several disqualifying paragraphs in your last letter.

I made your acknowledgments to Lady Echlin, as you desired, on her being the cause of the republication of Mr. Howe's Meditations. Thus, in her's to me, of September 27th, she writes in return: "I am vastly obliged to you, Sir, for naming me to good Mr. Hildesley, and greatly pleased and honoured by his mentioning me in his letter to you. Lady Lambard has not yet had a visit from her dear Mark! longs to see him in Kent," &c.

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Write not to me, dear Sir, but at your full leisure. Let me please myself, that I have in Mr. Hildesley a friend and well-wisher, and that I am constantly remembered in your prayers; and you will infinitely oblige, dear and reverend Sir,

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO THE REV. MR. HILDESLEY.

London, Feb. 21, 1755.

MY dear Mr. Hildesley has, at last, gone through the History of Sir Charles Grandison. I am not a little pleased that he has found in it something worthy of his approbation. The kind, the friendly, freedom you are so good as to treat that History with, when you

so

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greatly prefer that of Clarissa to it, is an instance of your sincerity, that makes me the more depend upon the praise you give to some of its parts. I believe most men who have written a great deal at different parts of life, and are advanced in years, suspecting a failure of their faculties, are apt fondly to wish that their last published work shall be found equal to those written in the vigor of life. Many there are who have contributed to this fondness in me; but, for my part, I submit my own opinion of what I have written to the judgment of my readers, as I ought; glad, upon the whole, that they approve of my design and main end in writing the respective pieces; and, looking upon myself as the common father of the three children, delighted that one prefers the elder, another the younger, as they are struck with their different features and complections.

You wish that I had touched upon the heinous sin of suicide. I have avoided in

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one history what I have endeavoured strongly to enforce in the others. In Pamela, when despairing of escape or succour, she was tempted to destroy herself, I have made her subdue herself by reasonings that perhaps will be found cogent; and the pen-knife scene in Clarissa, and her resignation throughout her deep distresses, leave little to be said in this last piece on the subject. In a collection of the sentiments contained in each of the three histories (now soon to be published in one pocket volume) it will be seen that there are not many of the material articles that may be of use for the conduct of life and manners unattended to in one or other of them; so that all together they complete one plan, the best I was able to give.

But what thoughts must my dear Mr. Hildesley have of me, who had begged his correction, when he adds, after the criticisms he had favoured me with, "And now, can I ever think of seeing your face again after this

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this freedom?" Most heartily do I thank you for what you call freedom. It is true friendly kindness. Ah! Sir, that you had given me leave to thank you personally for it, when you visited Dr. Young on Tuesday morning last at my own house, when I was under a slight operation, and was ready to attend you as you left it. Was you really loth to look in the face a supposed tenacious man, a conceited one too; who, asking for your correction, expected nothing but praise, and would be uneasy at your censure, or rather at your friendly freedom and sincerity of heart? If, my dear Sir, you think me such an one, renounce all correspondence with me.

I have not seen Fordyce's Art of Preaching.

O! Sir! you are too much a disqualifier of yourself! Think seriously, are you not blameable in this particular? Writing too to me? Indeed, you put me out of countenance.

Excuse

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Excuse me, Sir, that I answered not your last of October the 26th. In one passage of it, I understood that you expected not to hear from me till you had perused the History of Sir Charles Grandison.

In that letter, you call Sir Charles's treatment of his father's concubine more than evangelical. Does not our blessed Saviour's treatment of the woman taken in adultery shew a superior instance of goodness?

You stand very high in Lady Echlin's good graces; but no wonder; she is an excellent woman. You are kind in telling me you will make my compliments to Lady Lambard. I conclude with the assurance, that I am, reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Bishop's Court, Isle of Mann,
August 26, 1760.

WORTHY SIR,

THE revival of a correspondence, so long dormant, may possibly require some apology, or at least some reason, for it.

The seeing two such respectable names as Dr. Young's and Mr. S. Richardson's, among the subscribers to Dr. Doddridge's *Family Expositor*, inclines me to hope that work commands some share of your approbation and esteem: and from the motive of that persuasion, I am induced to request a piece of friendly trouble from you, viz. of procuring for me a set of the new edition of it from Mr. Rivington. It is designed for a present to an old friend and acquaintance of mine (whose welfare and happiness I have

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I have much at heart) the worthy and amiable Lady Lambard, of the vine at Sevenoaks, in Kent. Order them, if it may be, without the pictures, which, in my poor opinion, are a very needless ornament to a work of that sort.

The same insuperable curiosity that sent my pen and person to Salisbury Court, prompted me also to seek the acquaintance of that singularly happy instructor, whose pious labours I have long reverenced and admired. I had the agreeeble favour of receiving two or three letters from him, and was within a few hours of a personal interview with him, by his own appointment, in London, the last time, I believe, he was there. Bating some gentle hints at forms and orders, and some few points wherein he differs from the established church of England, which his education (though greatly guarded and softened by his charitable spirit) naturally produced from him, I cannot help thinking and saying I never had a more agreeable correspondent.

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The six volumes of the Family Expositor, above referred to, contain as much matter of real edification, as any performance of the kind I have ever met with. And I should be very glad (if not too troublesome to you to use your pen) of receiving the pleasure of your opinion, and of what you have heard your excellent friend of Welwin say of it. I dare venture to hope (though perhaps he will not allow him (Doddridge) the title of an original) that both the Doctor and you will concur with me in pronouncing him a most affectionately pious, and truly Christian writer.

I know not whether the distance of my present exotic situation, added to that of the date of my last letter to you, may be looked upon as a bar to my title (if I ever had any) and to my request, to be retained in, or restored to, the roll, of those you call your friends: but if you will, by any hand whatever, be pleased to certify me of your health, and of your accepting and excusing;

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excusing the freedom I have here taken, it will be a particular satisfaction to him, who here subscribes, with great truth,

Dear and worthy Sir, your's, &c.

M. SODOR AND MANN.

TO THE REV. MR. HILDESLEY.

Sept. 10, 1760.

MY GOOD LORD,

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your favour of the 26th of last month, which your Lordship kindly calls the revival of a correspondence, and with the greater for that very reason; for no one more sincerely respects your Lordship than myself.

I cannot say that I have read the Expositor. I have been exceedingly ill in what I may

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I may call the paralytic way, so that I have been obliged to lay aside the pen, and to lessen such of my attentions in the reading way, as did not immediately relate to my business and family affairs; and had not given directions to the proprietors of the work, to put me down as a subscriber to it. It was a spontaneous act of their own: and so (for ought I know) it is with regard to our Welwyn friend; for though I know that Dr. Young greatly respected Dr. Doddridge, for some of his former writings, I never heard him mention this. But your high opinion of it, will not suffer me, for my part, to be long without it.

Allow me, my Lord, to say, there is one paragraph in your favour before me, that gave me much pain at first reading. It is that which begins "I know not whether the distance be a bar to my title, if I ever had any! [what an if!] and to my request." My dear good Lord, permit me, with the highest respect, to rejoice in your condescension in

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in allowing me to rank your Lordship in the roll of my most revered and estimable friends: a liberty I shall be proud of taking to the last hour of my life.

I am entirely of opinion with you, my Lord, in relation to pictures in books written on divine subjects. Those in Milton, for example, in which the angels are represented cloathed, the man and woman quite naked, are equally absurd and indecent. I am, my Lord, with the greatest and most respectful esteem,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Isle of Mann, Nov. 11, 1760.

IT was a singular pleasure to me, to see the worthy Mr. Richardson's hand to paper, though I fear, somewhat troublesome to him to afford it me. It would have been equally obliging, good Sir, if you had wrote by an amanuensis, could you but have submitted to that mortification.

The compliment you are pleased to make me, of procuring Doddridge's last work for yourself, on account of my opinion of it, I hope will be amply repaid by the pleasure and emolument you will receive from the perusal of it: and that some of the attention you still bestow on your family affairs, you will not think foreign to them, to be employed in the Family Expositor; the blessed effects of which, I trust, will remain, when

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we and our families shall be no more—with respect to all earthly cares.

I am sorry to hear the account you give of Dr. Young's impending misfortune,* whereby the public, as well as himself, are likely to be such great sufferers. You do me the honour to join me with yourself in calling him our friend. It is an honour I should be very proud of sufficient title to. The friendship of so valuable a person, in every respect, I was ever, indeed, ambitious to obtain and cultivate whilst he was my neighbour for upwards of twenty years; and for that end, have often intruded upon him, as I did on another certain genius; and in which borrowed credit of knowing and endeavouring to be known to worthy and ingenious persons, I cannot say but I have sometimes happily succeeded. The impertinence of my frequent visits to him (for, impertinent must that liberty be deemed, which in so many years

* Loss of sight.

failed

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failed to receive the encouragement of ever seeing him once at my house, beyond the threshhold of my door) however, was amply rewarded; forasmuch as, I can truly say, he never received me but with agreeable, open complacency; and I never left him but with profitable pleasure and improvement. He was, one or other, the most modest, the most patient of contradiction, and the most informing and entertaining, of any man (at least of any man who had so just pretensions to pertinacity and reserve) I ever conversed with. This, Sir, I do not tell you, to certify you of the Doctor's character, who are much better acquainted with it, from your own knowledge of him; but to appeal to you, from the justice I do him, with respect to mine. I hope to hear a better account of him, as to the malady, he is apprehensive of; for he is a man, I think, of singular importance to the Christian world. I pray Heaven may think so too.

With my thanks for your last favour, and my

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my sincere prayers for your health and prosperity, I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged Servant,

M. SODOR AND MANN.

P.S. Pray, who is this Yorick? (a prebendary of York, I know he is). But what say you to his compositions, that have of late commanded so much of the attention and admiration of the wits of the present age. I am told, they have the countenance and recommendation of some ingenious Dutchess: Is this true or not? I doubt, as you are an author yourself, possessed of the veneration and applause of the public, your modesty will not incline you to oblige me with your real sentiments, at least not with the whole of them. The best apology for this freedom is the title you allow me to your friendship.

As I am an exile, you will readily imagine, how acceptable is every line I receive from my native country; and proportionably more so, when dated from Salisbury Court.

Alas!

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Alas! his late Majesty of Great Britain suddenly snatch'd away; but yet we may say—full of years and full of glory!

TO THE REV. MR. HILDESLEY.

London, Sept. 24, 1761.

ENCOURAGED by one letter, written by me with tolerable steadiness, my only amanuensis, my daughter Patty, not being well, shame and duty oblige me to try what I can do myself to so respectable a friend—so your Lordship allows me to call you.

I have the great pleasure of congratulating you, on Dr. Young's good state of health, and on his abated apprehensions of the calamity he dreaded; as well as on a promotion that does equal honour to his acceptance, and to the conferrers, the royal conferrer's

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choice and nomination; and still the more in his own opinion, as he is the immediate successor and heir of one of the best divines, and soundest Christians, and usefullest genius, that ever graced a court, or a nation, I may say—Dr. Stephen Hales, clerk of the closet to her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales; and upon the recommendation of his Majesty himself, as a noble peer assured me yesterday. This, I know, is a circumstance that your Lordship will hear with pleasure.

Who is this Yorick? you are pleased to ask me. You cannot, I imagine have looked into his books: execrable I cannot but call them; for I am told that the third and fourth volumes are worse, if possible, than the two first; which, only, I have had the patience to run through. One extenuating circumstance attends his works, that they are too gross to be inflaming.

My daughter shall transcribe for me the sentiments of a young lady, as written to another

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another lady, her friend in the country, on the publication of the two first volumes only.

" Happy are you in your retirement, where you read what books you choose, either for instruction or entertainment; but in this foolish town, we are obliged to read every foolish book that fashion renders prevalent in conversation; and I am horribly out of humour with the present taste, which makes people ashamed to own they have not read, what if fashion did not authorise, they would with more reason blush to say they had read! Perhaps some polite person from London, may have forced this piece into your hands, but give it not a place in your library; let not Tristram Shandy be ranked among the well chosen authors there. It is, indeed, a little book, and little is its merit, though great has been the writer's reward! Unaccountable wildness; whimsical digressions; comical incoherencies; uncommon indecencies; all with an air of novelty, has

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catched the reader's attention, and applause has flown from one to another, till it is almost singular to disapprove: even the bishops admire, and recompense his wit, though his own character as a clergyman seems much impeached by printing such gross and vulgar tales, as no decent mind can endure without extreme disgust! Yet I will do him justice; and, if forced by friends, or led by curiosity, you have read, and laughed, and almost cried at Tristram, I will agree with you that there is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes; Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterised, and very interesting, and an excellent sermon of a peculiar kind, on conscience, is introduced; and I most admire the author for his judgment in seeing the town's folly in the extravagant praises and favours heaped on him; for he says, he passed unnoticed by the world till he put on a fool's coat, and since that every body admires him!

But mark my prophecy, that by another season,

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season, this performance will be as much decryed, as it is now extolled; for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent its sinking, when no longer upheld by the short-lived breath of fashion: and yet another prophecy I utter, that this ridiculous compound will be the cause of many more productions, witless and humourless, perhaps, but indecent and absurd; till the town will be punished for undue encouragement, by being poisoned with disgustful nonsense."

I have not been able of a long time to write so much and so steadily. I begin to be sensible of failure in my fingers; but in my heart, shall be ever

Your Lordship's devoted
and obedient Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Bishop's Court, April 1, 1761.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR paragraph relating to Dr. Young, confirming that I saw in the News-papers, did, as you rightly judged, give me much pleasure; not so much or altogether on his account, as of the family he is likely to prove a blessing to, by supplying the great loss her Royal Highness and her offspring have suffered in the death of her late pious and worthy curator, in her domestic spiritual concerns. My long acquaintance and correspondence with the late Dr. Hales, has afforded me, not only great pleasure and emolument, with regard to myself, but likewise occasion to know, what a benefit he was to the Christian and philosophical world in general;

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neral; and to such as enjoyed his more immediate personal instructions in particular. And I have no doubt, by what his modesty has allowed him, in point of friendship, to impart, to whom next under God, the excellent qualities of a great personage, whom the nation hath entertained the most favourable conceptions of, are to be attributed. I wrote to the good man, the 15th of October last, and, notwithstanding the usually uncertain passage of letters to and from hence, through the various hands they are committed to, by sea and land, I received an answer from him of two folio pages, close wrote, dated the 25th of the same month; at the conclusion of which, after his customary manner of supplicating heaven, in my behalf; he says, "This is a long letter for one in his 84th year!"

Your happening to mention this great and good friend of mine, has led me to express thus much of my feeling sense of the loss I have in him personally, besides what I share

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in common with the public, and which, I conceive, you readily indulge me in. As my father had the honour of dispensing the first rudiments of his education, the Doctor thought proper to transfer some part of that regard, he had for his tutor, to the less worthy son: and which I have enjoyed without interruption for near forty years—even nearly within a few weeks of his death. If I am not so happy in the like intimacy with his no less excellent successor, at Leicester House, I most sincerely rejoice in, and partake of, the satisfaction, all (and they are very many) who are not strangers to his admirably adapted talents for the interesting and important province he is appointed to: interesting, I mean, to the Royal family, and in them to the public national welfare; and in that light, I am persuaded, Dr. Young will shine most gloriously! You will do me a favour, when opportunity offers, if you will be pleased to tell him, that a quondam neighbour of his, in Hertfordshire, desires his

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his acceptance of hearty congratulations, on the occasion he is going to have put into his hands, of being next under God, what I know he delights to be, the happy instrument of much good, and of being more and more the promoter of that religion, he has long been an ornament to.

Your strictures, good Sir, upon the indelicately witty Yorick, from that little I accidentally read of shameless Shandy (for that little was enough to forbid me to read more) I believe to be very just. (As to the ladies, they may be allowed to understand no harm in what they read: but our sex, I doubt, have no pretensions to such a plea of inconception.).

That corrupt nature should be pleased with what ministers plentifully to the foul imagination of the polluted heart, is not strange; but, that spiritual men, and ecclesiastical dignitaries should countenance and encourage such a production, is hardly capable of any sort of defence. However,

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I hear from several, and those very good hands, that now the laugh is pretty well subsided, many begin to be heartily ashamed at that which had raised it.

Whenever it suits you *aut per se aut per alteram*; to hear from you, will much oblige

Dear Sir,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

M. SODOR AND MANN.

TO

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE REV. MR. LOFTUS

AND

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, Nov. 12, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

IT is long since my real esteem for you has given me a right to make use of that affectionate expression, and since you have encouraged me in it, I shall constantly make use of it.

Till you had sent them to me, I did not see your reasons for concluding Sir Charles Grandison's story in the way you have done;

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but, since I have considered them, I am entirely satisfied.

It is the business of all your friends to dissuade you from any close application to your studies. Some time ago I was much pleased with a paper of Fielding's, wherein he represented the different effects which the labour of the hands and the head had upon the constitution. By the former there was constantly procured a good appetite, refreshing sleep, health, strength, and high spirits; but, by the latter, every one of those effects were almost always reversed; and this I had the mortification myself of experiencing some time afterwards. I had closely confined myself to writing for more than half a year, and the consequence was, that my nights were sleepless, my appetite gone, my head become giddy, and I was hardly able to walk; and, from being one of the most cheerful men in the world, I was sunk into such an extreme dejection, that I could find no pleasure in any thing, nor think

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think that any could be found in them. But from this wretched condition I was soon rouzed, by remounting my long neglected horses, and riding abroad for two or three hours every fair day; for, by this means, I was in a month or two restored to my former health, and taught this piece of wisdom into the bargain, never to apply myself again to study with such an intense application as long as I shall live. I wish that my most esteemed friend may see in this both the cause of his weak nerves, and the proper method to obtain a remedy for them.

I am really astonished at the account you give of the manner of your writing. There is in your persons a difference and peculiarity of character so preserved through the whole of their actions, that I could never imagine but that this proceeded from a long and careful revisal of your work. But I am to inform you from hence, that it is, in all probability, a vain attempt for you to think of doing any thing with yourself by force; you must

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must always follow the natural bent of your inclinations, and you will be sure always to shine in whatsoever you shall write in this manner. I was struck with your Pamela when it first came out; and, if I be not much mistaken, it contains in it a beautiful simplicity which I never knew excelled except in the Bible.

As I know that you are conversant with learned men, I should be glad to hear what their opinion is of Mr. John Hutchinson's works. I have a mind to read them; but as this will require a very deep knowledge of the Hebrew to do it to any purpose, I would willingly know the character that they bear in the learned world before I undertake such a tedious and difficult work. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest truth,

Your most affectionate
and obedient Servant,
SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO THE REV. MR. LOFTUS.

Dec. 13, 1756.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I AM greatly favoured by the re-consideration you have given to the winding up of the History of Sir Charles Grandison. It would have been easier for me, while I was in possession (as I may say) of the characters, to have proceeded with them, to the amount of another volume, than to have entered upon a new subject, as many of my friends wished me to do. But I have written a vast quantity; and, being tired myself, I thought that was a fair warning to me not to incur the mortification of tiring my readers. Then, to own the truth, I was extremely chagrined at the unprovoked treatment I met with in Dublin. And Faulkner, in whom I confided, still more

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more than the rest (with whom, abandoning me, he spontaneously joined himself) afflicted me. But it is over, unless I were to resume the pen, of which fault they have contributed to cure me: should I, however, can you find me a plan?

I congratulate you, Sir, that you left off your intense studies while your health was recoverable. I was not so prudent: and years have confirmed my maladies, and made them habitual to me; if I may so express myself.

You, Sir, had recourse to your horses: a happy expedient! I never could ride.

Have you never any calls to London, dear Sir? I should be very happy in an opportunity to return you personally my acknowledgments for your favours to me, and to cultivate more and more the friendship for me so happily begun, with a gentleman of so much worth and honour.

I have enquired of two learned gentlemen, their opinion of the works of Mr.

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John Hutchinson; men of piety and extensive knowledge and charity, yet who know not each other. They both agree in discountenancing that gentleman's *whimsies* (one of them called them) and those of his followers: Men, generally (they say) incapable (but by propagating novelties) of making any figure in the literary world. The Hebrew (they both say) is one of the poorest of all languages, and has not words to enable an adept in it, with clearness and precision, to express his ideas, insomuch that one word may be interpreted into several meanings. Hence it is that the Hutchinsonians give themselves a latitude of explaining, very absurdly sometimes, the words of the Hebrew scriptures; and pretend to derive from the Pentateuch, and even the Book of Genesis, all and every science which has been the effect of late discoveries. All those parts of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, that they approve of, are, it seems, to be found there; and for those that are not,

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not, they decry him. In short, they generally scoff at that great philosopher, and torture the Hebrew words and syllables into a justification of their own absurd notions. They are (one of the gentlemen says) treated by all sound scholars, and men of learning in the universities (with the learned of both which he has an extensive correspondence) as visionaries, or little better; as dogmatists, conceited and vain: yet he doubts not but there are well-meaning men among them; many weak ones he is sure there are. I am, Sir, with repeated acknowledgments,

Your most faithful

and obliged Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, 21, *Dec.* 1756.

DEAR SIR,

UPON some reflection with myself, I cannot find that I should be able to strike out any plan for you; this is a peculiar turn for which my genius does not appear to be at all fitted, and less so now than ever. The cures that I have hitherto had, consisted of very few and of low people, and my sermons were almost entirely adapted to their instruction; but sometime ago I had an offer made me of a living in his gift, by a noble lord, which, though of a middling income, is one of the greatest consequence in this kingdom; and this shewed me that I had been too remiss in preparing myself for such a circumstance, and has set me with all my attention to make sermons that may be fitting for such a parish. The incumbent has

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has, however, recovered beyond all expectation; but is still but in a very precarious state of health. My friend Skelton has promised to give me a meeting at my brother's place in the country, which, both by the situation and rural improvements, is one of the sweetest retirements that I am acquainted with, sometime in the spring; and if we can, in our wanderings through his delightful fields and woods, start any thing that we think may be of any use, Mr. Richardson shall be sure to be informed of it. There is one thing peculiarly enchanting in this place, that his gamekeeper shoots all the hawks that come near it; and by this means, and a large fruit garden to feed them, has he such a concert of singing birds as is quite enchanting. I know when my friend Skelton and I meet there, we shall eagerly wish for the company of a third person to make our society complete, who, by what I hear and see of him, would give the highest relish to our entertainment; as I hope that we should all prove

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agreeable to him. My brother is a man of sense, virtue, and politeness, who has seen every thing of consequence in France, Italy, and England.

Possibly I may have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Richardson in London, but it must be some time hence. I have a wife, who would not care to have me pass the sea; she is an abominable coward with regard to this matter, and what she fears for herself, she also fears for me; and Mr. Richardson knows that a considerate husband would be loth to add this uneasiness to that which his absence must also occasion. I am extremely obliged to you for the account you have procured me of Mr. John Hutchinson's works. It is the same with the opinion that I had myself entertained of them, upon reading some extracts from them; but I was willing to have it confirmed by a better authority.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, May 31, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

WHETHER we shall judge with Swift, that a fine genius is the natural cause or the effect of a tender constitution; or, with Fielding, say, that the labour of the brain is necessarily productive of this malady, so it is, that I cannot recollect one person who has been eminent for wit, that has not laboured under a sickly habit of body. I am sorry, indeed, that my worthy friend feels so much of this evil; but it is the condition of this life to have all advantages blended with disadvantages also, and he therefore who is so highly exalted in the one case, cannot expect to be entirely exempted in the other.

I think I will communicate to you some reflec-

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reflections which I lately had in my brother's wood. Whilst he was detained in the house with business, I was enjoying a sweet evening in that solitary delightful retirement. Besides the concert of the little birds, I had the thrush, the blackbird, the wood-quest, all singing about me; and that in such numbers, and with such a loud exultation of joy, as struck me with amazement at the Great Creator's bounty to those little creatures. For what must that goodness of his be, which, by all kinds of blessings which their nature was capable of receiving, had poured out such a profusion of happiness upon them?—upon them, who, whilst they rejoiced in the favour, were yet insensible of the hand from whence it came!

But how was it then that I had met with such a shocking scene of distress in my way hither. My brother's whole yard was filled with a crowd of miserable people waiting for his charity, whom the hardness of the late

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late and present season, epidemic disorders, and a variety of other calamitous accidents, had visibly reduced to such a degree of wretchedness, that the most hardened of hearts must have been melted by such a dismal spectacle! Was not man, out of comparison, the more noble creature? Was he not, too, the only one that was sensible of the author of his being? And had he not, then, an unquestionable right to a better provision, and a greater share of happiness, than these little animals could have any claim to? How was it then, that there should be such a profusion of God's blessings bestowed upon the one, of misery upon the other; and this, not only at the present, but in all other times: man being, undoubtedly, the most miserable creature in this world. Revelation only could solve all these difficulties:—man was fallen; man must die; and man must live for ever. Want, labour, sorrow, sickness, was in this view necessary and fit for him in this world, his

state

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state of trial; and exemption from all misery, an everlasting life, and a fullness of never-ending bliss, were the proper, and only proper, portion of the next.

I know not how this may seem to others; but, at the time, it struck me with a most full and pleasing conviction of these great truths of Christianity, and I am still of the same opinion.

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth,

Dear Sir, your's, &c.

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, June 20, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry to find by your's of the 9th, that your illness still continues upon you, with so little abatement. But possibly the soft and warm weather we have had for some time past, may have made an alteration in your favour; and I will hope that it has.

Our weather has been more than usually clear and sunny with us for these two months past, but so extremely cold that there was no bearing it with safety, unless one was covered up as close with cloaths as in mid-winter; and some of our gentlemen have perished by neglecting to do this. We have, by this means, had a putrid fever among us, which has in six days carried off

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off a great many people; but, for these seven days past, we are got into soft, warm weather, with some very fine showers, that we hope will do some good.

I did always fear, from the known generosity of Mr. Richardson's temper, that I should have some present offered to me;* but as I had little or no trouble upon his account, and as I have not yet, and I am afraid shall not be able, to do him any service of consequence, I was determined not to accept of any present from him; but there is no denying of it in the way that you have offered it to me. My friend's own works, which I so much admire, and are offered as a token of friendship by that esteemed friend, is a present that I accept of with the greatest pleasure, and do therefore return you my most sincere thanks for them; only I hope that you will allow me to keep up this friendly intercourse, by

* On account of his assistance in the affair of the piracy.

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sending you any thing good which comes out here.

I hope soon to meet our common friend, Skelton, at Killian, my brother's country place. The good man is very well; and the distresses of his people by this hard season, have only served to shew forth his uncommon virtue. He is very unhappily situated in one of the wildest counties in this island, where he has nothing but a collection of very low working people, and these, by the badness of the last harvest, and the destruction that a mighty storm made of their corn, have long since been driven to the greatest distress, without any one to help them but himself. To do this, he forgave those who were poor (almost the whole of his parish) their tythe of last year; he laid out what money he had to buy corn for them; he borrowed twenty pounds, which was all he could get; he sold off thirteen pounds worth of his books, and he has sent four hundred volumes more (the

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only treasure he has) to Dublin, to be sold for them, and has left himself but about two hundred more, which he cannot possibly do without.

I will say nothing of your business till I can give you a better account of it, only this, that I have got no answer from V——, which puts me quite to a stand.

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest truth,

Your most affectionate,

humble Servant,

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, August 3, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

UPON my return to this town on Monday was sevennights, after a three weeks stay in the country, I found at my house your most agreeable present of books. I had, indeed, all of your works before, except Pamela, which had been lost by lending them to some ungenerous people.

I did design to have informed you of this, by the very next post; but whilst I was diverting myself with turning over to those places in Pamela which had before given me the greatest entertainment, I was irresistibly drawn in to read almost the whole of them over again; and, in truth, have been so totally employed by them ever since, that I could not force myself from them to mind any thing else: and for this have I been sadly rated by the women of my own family,

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family, who have several times joined in a body against me, complaining that they could get no good of me since I got these books; that I might as well be at Jamaica for any company I was to them; that it was not to be suffered that I should go to my study every evening, and much less to take up my book after supper; and several times have they pulled it out of my hands, and once I was in danger of having the tea table brought in upon me with all their company, if I had not saved myself by a ready compliance with their desires.

I was disappointed in my hopes of meeting my friend Skelton at my brother's country place; he wrote to me that he could not leave his poor people till the harvest was come in, and in that mountainous and cold country that this would not be till the month of September. He tells me that he has the extreme pleasure of not having one person lost in his parish, nor one family broke, by this dear and starving season;

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and all this has he been enabled to do by his own slender means, and the additional bounty of about fifty pounds which he got from others, when he had a large district to take care of that was filled with a number of low and very poor people; and he was forced to send twenty or thirty miles for the oatmeal which he distributed among them. A blessing this, which is not inferior to any in this world, and which I well know that my esteemed friend, to whom I am writing, will acknowledge to be so. And now I heartily congratulate you upon our deliverance from the late dreadful scarcity, which has, I hope, only served to bring down the blessings of God upon us for our charity, which has been so beneficially displayed upon the occasion in both these islands.

Be assured that you have the most hearty and fervent wishes for your welfare from

Dear Sir, your most affectionate,
humble Servant,
SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

September 18, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

AS soon as I got your last letter, I wrote to Mr. Skelton; but I have not received an answer from him. He every year goes abroad for five or six weeks to divert himself among his friends; and he is now out upon such an expedition. From the harvest's being now come in, and from his having lately refused such an offer as your's from another gentleman, I judge that he will not accept the very generous and charitable donation,* which my most esteemed friend would fain press upon him.

* A donation of ten guineas (being all the money Mr. Loftus had recovered from the Dublin booksellers) for the relief of his poor flock.

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You do not speak like yourself in saying that you are ashamed of the many volumes you have wrote. They are matter of the highest glory to you. I will tell you a story about your sweet girl Pamela. Our late Lord Chancellor, who was a man more remarkable for the goodness of his heart, than even for the abilities of his head, which were of the most exalted kind, was so struck with her history, that he sat up reading it the whole night, although it was then the middle of term, and declared to his family he could not find in his heart to quit his book, nor imagined it to be so late by many hours.

I love you for your fears about the protestant religion, which at this time is in a most dangerous situation, to be sure. I have always been taught (and find by a careful examination, that I have been justly taught) that it is indeed the true, genuine, and pure, Christianity; and that popery is a most heathenish and wicked perversion of it;

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it; and I therefore value it with an esteem which makes me tremble for it when I think it in any danger: but I will not make you and myself melancholy with my fears, which, after all, I trust in God are greater than they ought to be.

If the Duke of Cumberland can preserve himself and army this campaign, the King of Prussia has a possibility of being saved; but if he be destroyed, nothing but a miracle can save the latter, and our religion with him, from being quite undone.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

humble Servant,

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, 10 *Feb.* 1758.

DEAR SIR,

I AM much concerned to find by your last kind letter to me, that your state of health is still so bad:—we are beginning to grow very healthy here; after a very sickly winter.

There is no person whose judgment is more to be relied upon in literary matters, and therefore you may easily imagine how agreeable it was to me to have your approbation of my thoughts in my pamphlet.

For many years past there has been a spirit of irreligion growing upon some of our people, and a manifest carelessness about it in all; from which even our clergy are not entirely exempted; and from hence have our papists had such an advantage against us; whose industry was equal to our neglect, that

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that the protestant religion was rather declining every day, than gaining new ſtrength, till the charter schools came into our aid. And this I had such a sensible experience of in my own parish, where I found some families had been perverted, and to my extreme mortification, the greater part irretrievably so, that the sense of those things brought that little book which my wife has sent you, and which I so rejoice in, since it has gained your approbation.

Our mother country has often treated us very ill, and always to her own detriment. It is owing to a step of this kind, that France is now her rival in the woollen trade; and I am much afraid that it has been owing to a most faulty neglect in ourselves, that we have, by near one half, so many papists among us at present. The common people of this country are naturally strong bodied and bold, like their neighbours of England; but from a worse diet and lodging are better able to bear the fatigues of

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of a military life, to which, from a greater love of idleness and pleasure they are much more generally addicted; and could our government by any means gain upon their affections to make them like our service, and be faithful to it, they would never be at a loss for recruits, which now frequently happens both in the fleet and army.

Although I have still some hopes for us, as to public affairs, yet I have my terrors about them also. The late expedition to France, and our behaviour in North America, shews such a bad spirit in our commanders of every kind, that I cannot help dreading the consequence of a war which must be waged under the conduct of such men, however superior our natural strength may be to that of the enemy. But I will say no more upon this most disagreeable subject.

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, &c.

Dear Sir,

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, 16 *May*, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

IT is now about three months since I wrote to you by a son of Lord Drogheda; who was going to London.

I am in great hopes that the death of the late bishop of Clogher will be a real advantage to our friend Skelton. That gentleman grew to be a great enemy to him, for no other reason but because he was not of his principles, and occasioned much disturbance to him from the heads of his parishioners; but his successor, Mr. Garnet, is of a quite different character; and, as he has the general repute of a worthy man, I make no doubt but he will remove Skelton to a parish that will be fitter for

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for the display of those extraordinary talents which God has blessed him with. Our friend is adored by the lower rank of his people, but those few of the better sort who have injured him, are therefore irreconcileable to him, and plague him as much as they can; which to a mind so sensible as his is, gives a great deal of vexation. We are all here in high spirits upon the prospect of success which we have in our public affairs this summer; but my joy arises from hence, that I am in hopes that we shall deserve it better from the great Governor of the World, by becoming a reformed people. The character of the English nation was heretofore remarkable for a sober and fervent piety, and when that main spring of corruption, court-influence is cut off, from whence all our profligacy has been derived, I make no doubt but we shall again settle in our wonted regard for religion, and Mr. Pitt, to his immortal credit, seems to set himself in opposition to this method of governing, which,

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which, till his time, has been the only one followed by our ministers for forty years past.

I wish you joy of the fine prospect which we again have of the return of plenty by a most promising harvest. We are all well enough here. We have eleven pounds of bread for the Irish shilling.

Believe me to be,

Dear Sir, your's,

SMYTH LOFTUS.

TO MR. LOFTUS.

May 25, 1758.

MY reverend and ever obliging friend, Mr. Loftus, may be sure, that had I not been in a poor way as to health and spirits, I should not have left unacknowledged, for so long a space, his favour of February last.

I greatly deplore the spirit of irreligion that has so visibly gone out, and has spread itself

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itself through these protestant kingdoms; and still more the carelessness of professors, from whose laudable and true christian zeal, and a blessing upon it, a cure only is to be expected. What advantages must the activity of our ever-watchful enemies reap from this united depravation! What must become of the flock, surrounded by wolves, whose shepherds keep no guard! But while the Roman catholic subjects of other protestant powers, are true and faithful, and mostly so from nationality, if I may so express myself, is there an unhappy necessity for us to weaken our natural strength so much as to consider all of that faith as enemies to our civil establishment: in a word, as *Jacobites?* Cannot we, in pursuance of the wise and moderate and christian measures laid down in your patriotic treatise, make such a brave and sturdy people, if not immediately protestants, patriots; and active in behalf of those who pay them, and give them protection in their civil concerns?

O that

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O that the mother country were wise, and would give way to an enlarged spirit! How just is your remark, that our enemies of France owe to the narrowness of heart of former English ministers, the success of that formidable rivalry, with which they insult us!

Is there not a prospect that in the approaching session of your parliament, something of so salutary a nature will be attempted? Far be from my heart the shadow of an invidious reflection! But let me ask, would the King of Prussia, were he the sovereign of such a populous, such a hardy and brave, people as the Irish, submit to such old customs, and prejudices, as make the majority of them useless to themselves and him. Why is it necessary, in Ireland, any more than in Prussian Silesia, a conquered province, that a Roman catholic must be looked upon as an enemy to the government that protects him? I too well know from history what may be said. But what an additional strength

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strength would unanimity bestow upon both islands, could both sides meet in love and trust? What wisdom in the measure of sending to America batallions of brave and hardy Highlanders!

We know the advantage despotism has in great reformations (where the prince deserves to be called a sovereign) over a limited authority: but despotism must rest somewhere, even in republics; and cannot the three estates, co-operating, do every thing necessary for the welfare of the whole people? Wants there more in such a measure as that we have before us, than christian principles, christian moderation (which every side profess) and love of country, to actuate every heart, and unite every hand, in the common defence? But how much better has my dear Mr. Loftus touched this subject!

However our prospects seem, God be praised, to be amended; yet, have I my anxieties too, with you, about our public affairs—One signal defeat, which God forbid!

May

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May 24, 1758. Just received your favour of the 16th. How very kind! "About three months since," say you. True, indeed, and were not my apology above, too just, I would now most ingenuously take shame to myself.

You rejoice me, Sir, in the hopes you give, that our worthy Mr. Skelton is likely to find his account, in his deserved ease and quiet, from a late event. Poor Dr. Clayton! inimical man! Persecutor to his power! But he is gone! I will say no more of him.

My best respects to your good lady; and to our worthy friend, Mr. Skelton.

I am, with true affection,

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

ALL my pleasing expectations of meeting my friend Skelton in the country this last summer were disappointed. I need not say how much to my regret. There has been a long intimacy between us, ever since we were together in the college, and by a series of mutual good offices, it has grown into a settled friendship. I was detained so long in town by various accidents, that, when I went down, his time was over, and he could not then come to me; we have not met for some years, and now he writes me word that he believes we shall never have a meeting in this world. I was in hopes to have sent you the good news that he was removed to a more pleasant and profitable situation, and one that was fitter for his great talents. His bishop has had a good parish vacant for some time, and

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and I hoped that it was designed for him, but I have been mistaken. He has another scheme in his view, which I am sorry for. The poor man's health is, I know, much injured by his low spirits. A continual application to study is impossible to man, and he has not a soul in his parish, or within ten of your miles, to converse with, and he will sooner die among his people than leave them to the care of another.

There is not, I am persuaded, a better parish minister upon earth; and you will, I believe, think with me, that I can hardly give him a greater character.

Your notion of my brother's wood is too high; but it is a pretty little thing and I will describe it to you. It lies about half an English mile from his house, the way to it through beautiful meadows, enclosed with old quick-sets, and forest trees planted in a range within them; one walk is open, with a little river mostly in view, the other is on the tops of the double ditches, quite shaded and

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and sheltered both from the wind and sun. The wood is of sixteen English acres, cut into broad and open, and serpentine and close, walks; there is a pretty temple in it; a bowling green; many seats and arbours; a small living ſtream trembling through it in five or six little falls; and a river running by the end of it; and all kept in the neatest order: add to this, that the master of the family is a man of sense and virtue, who keeps a most excellent table, and has constantly a profusion of the best fruits in their season, and then you will know what pleasure I proposed in having my dear friend spend some weeks with me in this place, and what a disappointment it was to me to miss of his company.

I almost forgot to tell you that the expectation of sending you an account of Mr. Skelton's preferment, made me delay for some weeks, the returning an answer to your last agreeable letter.

I am, dear Sir, your's,

SMYTH LOFTUS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE REV. MR. SKELTON

AND

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Monaghan, May 27, 1749.

MY DEAR FRIEND

SHOULD much sooner have heard from me, had any thing relating to him or me occurred, that was worthy of our friendship: but my whole time, since I left London, hath been spent in travelling from thence to Dublin, from Dublin to the north of Ireland, from the north to Dublin, and back again, in getting my books bound

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and delivered, in picking up my little pence for those books, and in an hundred other perplexing affairs; together with about a thousand visits, which my long absence from my duty and my acquaintances unavoidably brought upon me. However, I have not, in the hurry of matters relating immediately to myself, been altogether unmindful of such as concerned my friend. I took a natural occasion of insinuating what I thought necessary to Dean Delany about his account; I don't mean that I mentioned that account to him, for that would have had the look of a complaint made by one of his friends to another; but that I prepared the way for the discharging that account, as soon as it shall be tendered by the creditor, from whom it will come with a better grace, than from any third person, who cannot speak of it without giving the Dean to understand that he is debtor, only because his performances were not sufficiently called for; and what is almost

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most as bad, that Mr. Richardson had intimated as much to the Dean's friend. The Dean and his lady are now at Bath, and will spend a year in England, chiefly about London.

As to Faulkner, I had some chat with him about Clarissa, in which he complained of the public, and, to say the truth, I now believe with some reason; for that admirable work is pitched above the common taste; yet sure I am, he must have made pretty well by it, and ought to pay the very moderate sum that was promised, to which end I think the author ought, without ceremony, to demand it.

As to ——, he is still in very good circumstances, if a man can be said so to be, who hath a great deal of other men's effects in his hands. His privilege protects him in parliament time; and at all other times he skulks in the Isle of Mann, where nothing is to be come at, but such chattels as he may have with him in the island. Mr.

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Thompson will run him to an outlawry; and, if it is thought expedient, I will make a trip to the island, and try what may be done through the bishop's credit and authority there, as well as by other steps that may be taken when I am on the spot.

I know nothing in this world that could give me so much pleasure as causing justice to be done to the man who hath been so good a friend to me: but, whether we succeed or fail in our other endeavours, to serve our friends, there is one in which we cannot be disappointed; I mean that proposed by my dear friend, in soliciting Divine Providence for each other's happiness.

We may hurt our friends by the good we ignorantly attempt to do them ourselves; but, if we can by any means move the Almighty God, who delights in charity, to a longer continuance of his patience and pity towards them, in that case our friendship, conducted by a wisdom that cannot err, and supported by a power that cannot

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be assisted, must be secure of success without alloy. Let us therefore make religion the cement, and God the center, of our affection; and let us never forget to pray for each other.

Could I touch the heart like the author of Clarissa, I would tell him, in terms like his own, how much and how tenderly

I am his,

PHIL. SKELTON.

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TO MR. SKELTON.

Feb. 10, 1749-50.

YOUR kind solicitude, my dear and worthy friend, for me and mine, deserves my earliest and most grateful returns.

Most heartily I thank you for your hints of the vegetable diet: I have reason to have a very great opinion of it myself. I will propose it; and support the proposal with my weight. The instance you give me, in your little patient, charms me; as well for the sake of the young unknown, as for an example to my good girl.

I have the pleasure to tell you, from an ingenious friend at Cambridge, that your book is in high reputation there. In other places, I have heard you found fault with for personal severity, especially on the Bishop of Winchester.

People

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People will have different sentiments, you know.

You have heard of (perhaps so) Dr. Middleton's Attack on Bishop Sherlock's Book of Prophecies. He seems determined neither to suffer the primitive fathers to rest in their graves, nor the father of the church to be quiet on the bench. It is supposed he is governed by resentment, that his great merits were not rewarded with a seat among them. I wish Mr. Skelton, who has a name with all sound and good men among us, would take him in hand, if he find room for it: Bishop Sherlock, I dare say, would think himself obliged to you; and what you should do, would be a fresh advertising of your book. How glad, could it be an introduction to bring you among us! We are, I doubt, a worse people than you in Ireland are; at least, have worse among us. And what more extended good might your preaching and your example do here!

I have just lost my dear and excellent-

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hearted friend, Mr. Hill, author of Gideon. I was present at some of his last scenes: my nerves can witness that I was. I am endeavouring to find opportunities to shew my regard to his memory, by my good offices to three excellent daughters, who, for their filial piety, merit all praise, and for their other merits, deserve to be the care of all who know them. I am, my dear, worthy, and reverend Friend,

Most cordially your's,

whilst

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Pedego, near Enniskillen,
March 5, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

YOU will hardly forgive me, when I tell you, that my not answering your kind letter of so long a time was owing to my not being able to get a frank, and that I now write because Lord Orrery is on this side the water. But, why should you be angry with me for this? Ought I not to spare a pocket to which I have been so much obliged? or, have I ten-pence worth of any thing to say now I do write?

The probability of Clarissa's recovery would have given me an unspeakable pleasure, had not I been told, at the same time, that her dear and worthy father had the

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death of a brother and an increase of his own disorders to bear down his too delicate spirits. If you could take mustard, now and then a glass of old claret, and ride, I should be in less pain for you than I am. God grant, when I next hear from you, it may be more to my comfort and satisfaction. All I can do in the mean time is to solicit Heaven for you as often and as fervently as I do for myself. Would to God I could be near you, that I might now and then put you on those methods I have so happy recourse to myself in the like ailments, which press heavier on me in my present lonely situation than they could do any where else in the world. I have a parish, worth about one hundred and sixty pounds yearly, but peopled with the most ignorant and barbarous of all his majesty's subjects. The country is beautiful, but the people shocking.

It is not a little grievous to be banished from all one's friends to a place where no new ones, nor even a single conversable acquaintance

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ance is to be found. I have had a violent fever since I came hither, and every week get a fresh cold, which always falls on my spirits; however, God be praised, I bear up better than I hoped to do; and, what helps me not a little, the docility of my ignorant flock affords me some prospect of doing good.

I hear the second edition of my book is published, and do most heartily wish it may go off honest Mr. Millar's hands as fast as he can count the money for it.

My most affectionate respects to good Mrs. Richardson and my young friends, particularly my dear patient, and to Mr. Millar and the ladies. I am, dear Sir, with all the tenderness of a real friend,

Your most obliged
and most affectionate
PHIL. SKELTON.

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TO THE REV. MR. SKELTON.

London, March 25, 1751.

MY REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,

INDEED you are very culpable to forbear giving, for such a poor reason, to me who value you as I do, the satisfaction of hearing from you. Let me beg of you to suppose me on the dreary spot with you; and as then you will have no other person near you that will be tolerably conversable, I shall hope to have you all to myself; and then what you would say to me, if present, that write; and you will greatly oblige me.—Never, never more mention franks to me, I beseech you. Do you put our friendship at so low a rate as —I cannot say, even after you, I cannot say ten-pence.

The probability of my poor girl's recovery is not so great as you kindly wish, and you will

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will believe I am affected by her unhappy malady.

As to myself, I am not worse than I have been for three months past, in which I have had a great increase of my nervous tremblings, catchings, and dizziness. As to riding, I must not, at my time of life, think of overcoming a dislike that I never, either as boy or man, could conquer. But I have a great opinion of mustard. Be pleased to give me your process as to that.

Would to God, indeed, that you could be near us! You must do good wherever your lot is cast; but most heartily do I wish your opportunities of this kind better suited to your genius and liking! I wish also that I could not say, that we have worse people about us than those by whom you are surrounded: judicially wicked; and who might possibly be mended by so good a liver, and so forcible and so earnest a preacher, as Mr. Skelton; while ignorance may be a plea for the poor souls you are among

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among at the final reckoning. With belief and practice you can, by the grace of God, inspire them. It is a sad thing to say, that knowledge and learning do not secure spiritual duties. I congratulate you on the docility of your poor people. You will be an apostle among them. But yet I am selfish enough to wish a man of your talents might have an opportunity to enlarge his sphere of action among us; and I can the rather indulge this selfishness, as your power of doing good would be thereby consequentially augmented.

I have not heard one word of our Mr. Thompson. I did not think I could have been so totally forgotten by him. Can you, dear Sir, put my affairs in any good way? You have a plenipotentiary power to do whatever you please in it.

My wife, my girls, particularly my Nancy, desire their kindest and gratefullest respects to you. Believe me to be, my dear, my good, my reverend, friend,

most cordially your

S. RICHARDSON.

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TO MR RICHARDSON.

Pedego, May 10, 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WILL no more keep silence for ten-pence, if I have any thing worth a farthing to say; and I hope a few words in Mr. Millar's letter, on which I intend to touch, at the end of this, will furnish me with matter for an useful correspondence.

I cannot express to you the concern I feel for the dear little girl, whom I protest I love with an affection very near that of a parent. But what hath a mind so extremely delicate to do in so rugged a world? Or why should she be long banished among minds like ours from the society of angels, the only beings that are made like herself?

I could

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I could wish it would please God to prolong her life, that she might exemplify to the world, all those amiable gifts and graces that we see budding in her only, and can find no where else, but in books of imagination. If God pleases to exalt her to the perfection and happiness of superior beings, do not, my dear friend, grieve or repine at his good-will to her. Even natural affection often makes us too bold in our wishes. As to a wish that this most admirable creature should live, I question whether it is not a wish incompatible with the very nature of things, it seeming impossible that such sensibility should be found in a body less tender and delicate.

It is with inconceivable delight I find in Mr. Millar's letter, that you are labouring on your *good man*. Go on, my dear friend, and friend to mankind. May God give you strength and spirits to finish what you have begun. Take a few friendly hints from one whose very soul loves you, and gasps for this

new

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new help to a better life than he hath yet been able to exhibit to the eyes of his master.

As to yourself, take time now and then to breathe and recruit your spirits, as well as to review and correct the produce of the last week or month.

As to your *good man*, I need not bid you christen him; but I would willingly see him as good a Christian, as a fine gentleman can be. I don't mean that the two characters are in the least inconsistent, for I am sure the latter is impossible without the former; but I mean that he should appear on all occasions to act, and suffer, upon Christian principles; that he should fast and pray, but not fast every day, nor pray every hour. The devotional part of Pamela's character was a little too much charged, that of Clarissa somewhat too little, till towards her death. I wish to see the present warm in that respect, but duly tempered; that he may be rather a Christian hero than a saint.

Let him suffer according to the prediction of

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of Plato, and the description of Seneca, in Lactantius, and that greatly, both in respect to the severity of the suffering, and the manner of bearing it. Your good man will be out of nature, if he is not persecuted: nay, he will be no very good man, if the world do not give him this testimony.

Take your characters and incidents from real life, rather than from books, that your work may be new, and not the copy of a copy. Be free with the good or bad now on the stage, but under feigned names and disguises, that the world may feel as it reads.

Above all, consider the bulk of your readers, how grossly attached they are to facts, and adventures, and be sure to enliven the performance with plenty of subordinate events, all conspiring, and leading to the grand event or catastrophe. The main stem of your story may now and then branch into episodes; but take care that every twig grow as naturally out of the tree, and bear as much fruit, as in Clarissa.

I hope

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I hope you intend to give us a bad woman, expensive, imperious, lewd, and at last a drammer. This is a fruitful and a necessary subject, which will strike, and entertain to a miracle. You are so safe already with the sex, that nothing you can say of a bad woman will hinder your being a favourite, especially if now and then, when your she-devil is most a devil, you take occasion to remark how unlike she is to the most beautiful, or modest, or gentle, or polite, part of the creation.

I am far from thinking you will take this freedom of mine ill; yet considering how great a master I am writing to, my affection, which dictates this, can hardly excuse itself to my prudence.

My most affectionate respects to good Mrs. Richardson, and to my young friends, particularly to my dear little Nancy.

I am, dear Sir,

with the most tender affection, your's,

PHIL. SKELTON.

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TO THE REV. MR. SKELTON.

London, Feb. 19, 1752.

WILL my dear and reverend friend forgive the long silence of one who loves him, as well as if he wrote to him every post? But, if he does, I can hardly forgive myself. The latter end of last November, the 20th instant, I think, is the date of your last.—Fie upon me!—And yet between business, writing, and indisposition, I have something to say for myself to myself, though nothing to you, but of my shame.

My poor girl remains much as she was by my last. She desires her most thankful compliments to you for your ever paternal kindness to her, in your affectionate remembrances and prayers for her. I thank you, my

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my dear friend, for your agreeable warmth in relation to the bad woman to be ingrafted in my story. You say, "You could help me on this subject greatly, and that you have a dozen female devils to paint from, whom you would force to sit for me, in all the horrors of infernal features; who, if rightly taken off, would preach up virtue to the fair sex, beyond my Pamela's, Clarissa's, &c."

I demand your assistance, my dear Mr. Skelton: assemble your dozen devils, and take them off for me; and if I can ingraft them in my story, down they go. And pray favour me speedily, though I have been so remiss.

I wish I could have consulted you, my dear friend, in my new work.

I rejoice with you on Mr. Thompson's happy situation and prospects.

Is there no call, no business, no inducement, that could bring you and him once more among us?

But

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But tell me, are you comfortable in your situation? Have you been able to transform any of your brutes into men and women? Have you any conversable people among you?

Your happiness, my good Sir, will add to that of

Your ever affectionate

S. RICHARDSON.

To

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Pedego, near Enniskillen,
July 15, 1732.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been too long in your debt; but I would not write till I could say something of an affair that is likely to force me out of my parish, or bury me in it. After three months soliciting citations against parishioners who subtracted tythe of corn and hay from me, I, with much ado, obtained them. But as I could not afford to sue all the subtractors, I singled out, what I thought, two parties; one, a single landholder; the other, six joint or under-tenants to one holding, with one individual tything; and all alike refusing the tythe of corn and hay. This latter party the court hath split into six parties, and saddled me with six causes; although

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though my adversaries take on no defence, and consequently are not a penny out of pocket. So, Sir, I have seven causes where I thought I had but two; six of which are for thirty shillings worth of tythes, and cost me near four pounds every court-day. My bishop says, he will have all causes so managed in his court; but advises me to drop for the present my six causes, and to go forward with the single cause, while the register promises to demand no more fees till the costs are recovered by writ from the people sued; which will not happen, I believe, on this side of doomsday; for they are, in all respects, a desperate and lawless people, who are every day sending me threatening messages, by which I am to understand, that if I proceed to extremities, I may expect to have my throat cut, or the house burnt over my head. In this goodly situation is your friend, oppressed by the court, cheated and threatened by a barbarous people, and without a single friend, or even convers-

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conversable neighbour, within less than ten long miles of him.

My debts and law-suits oppress me: the infinite villainy and cruelty I meet with from every mortal I have to do with, fret and shock me: and the melancholy reflection, that I deserve ten thousand times more at the hand of God, bids me fear the further effects of God's displeasure.

These things so harass me, that I can no longer think coolly of controversies on religious subjects. I read Lord Bolingbroke's third letter in relation to the authority of the Old Testament history. It is so full of wilful lies, and so weak every way, that it needs not an answer. Our bishop, however, says, it is the shrewdest attack yet made on Christianity.

I have not in my work taken the least notice of him, or his essay; but I hope I have given full proof of the principles contrary to his. What I intend to publish, is so many sermons as will make two volumes in

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octavo: the first, controversial; and the second, practical. The first volume is nearly ready for the press; but my present chagrin will not suffer me to go on as I hoped to do. If I live to finish this work to my mind, I trust it will do good; for I have taken infinite pains to secure the fundamentals, and hope I have done it both satisfactorily and agreeably. As my bishop is not to be consulted about this work, nor leave to be asked for a trip to London, I intend to send you the MS. that you, and my good friend Mr. Porter, may dispose of it for me in such a manner, if possible, as to procure me a little help in my difficulties.

Do not, however, imagine I am about to send a crude performance, merely because I am in want of money; for I am mistaken, if this work will not better deserve the public approbation than the former. However, I shall not take it on myself to judge; but you and your friends shall sit on the Discourses, and pronounce their sentence. — Alas!

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Alas! I fear no man's judgment so much as that of the Bishop of London, yet I could wish he would be at the pains of a review, that I might be in no doubt about the fate of my work.

As to the design of a weekly paper, my thoughts are too much oppressed and dissipated to give any help in it, though I have thought much in that way, and had for a long time a scheme for such a work in my head, with a resolution some time or other to execute it, if ever it should be my fortune to settle in London or Dublin. If against next winter I can recover my spirits, and return to myself again, I shall gladly lend an helping hand to so good a design, provided I find I am the meanest hand concerned. Let it not be attempted, if the very best pens are not engaged.

As to the Moravians, they are a sect descended, as I take it, from the visionary prophets of Moravia and Bohemia, that made so great a noise in the world from 1616 to 1660.

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They are here called Swadlers, and do not much abound, excepting in Dublin. I know nothing particular of their tenets. They are, in appearance, great enthusiasts; but, in reality, great cheats.

They pretend to see every thing; such as the soul of one man, still alive, in heaven, and the soul of another, still alive, in hell, by the eye of faith.

I hope in your next I shall have a good account of your health. I wish it heartily, as it is all you want to make you as useful as you are good. God bless and preserve you, and your family.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Friend
and Brother,

PHIL. SKELTON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Pedego, near Enniskillen,
Dec. 28, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY thank you and Dr. Wilson, to whom my best respects, for the information contained in your last. It hath enabled me to oblige a family I greatly regard, and will prevent their involving themselves in fruitless expences.

I am glad to hear your work is what you call long. I am excessively impatient to see it. And shall certainly think it too short, as I did Clarissa, although it should run out into seven folios. The world will think so too, if it is sufficiently larded with facts, incidents, adventures, &c. The generality of readers are more taken with the driest nar-

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rative of facts, if they are facts of any importance, than with the purest sentiments, and the noblest lessons of morality. Now, though you write above the taste of the many, yet ought it not to be, nay, is it not, your chief design, to benefit the many? But how can you cure their mental maladies, if you do not so wrap up your physic as to make it pass their palates? I know of nothing more unpalatable to most men than morality and religion. They will not go down, if they are not either well peppered and salted with wit, or all alive from end to end with action. Therefore stuff your works with adventures, and wedge in events by way of primings, especially when wit and humour happen to be scarce, as sometimes they will be; for a man cannot have them for calling. They come like the rivers, without calling, or come not at all. But it is no hard matter to invent a story when you please. I am glad you have a bad woman, but sorry she does not shew herself. Is this natural?

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natural? Did you ever know a bad woman that did not make a figure in her way? No, no; the devil always takes care that his confessors of that sex canonize themselves.

As to my work, sickness hath retarded its birth; but when it does come to light, I fear I shall not be my own midwife; that is, that I shall not be so happy as to attend it to London.

My dear little Clarissa! I am glad she promises to live, because I know not whether there lives so exquisite a creature.

My best respects attend good Mrs. Richardson, and my young friends, particularly your Nancy, and my Clarissa, as also our good friends in the Strand. I am,

With the greatest affection
and sincerity,

Yours,

PHIL. SKELTON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Pedego, Aug. 1, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU conclude your last letter with saying, "Forgive me my shameful silence." Set mine over against it, and we are even; for I believe mine hath been as long, though not so shameful. The summer hath brought me worse health than the winter, and forced me to ride almost ever since the beginning of May so constantly, that unless I could have written on the back of a trotting horse, I could scarcely have found means to make out a letter; besides, my spirits were always so low, that two lines were as much as they would yield in the twenty-four hours. I am heartily glad you had not so melancholy an excuse,

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excuse, and do both pray and hope you never will. I am really impatient on two heads. First, I earnestly desire to know how my dear little friend of North End does. You told me in your last, that her state of health afforded hopes. Is she now quite well? In the next place, I desire to know how soon your new performance is likely to entertain me in my miserable solitude. It is impossible for me to tell you how much I long to see it.

As to my Discourses, I have done almost all I can to perfect them, and do intend, God willing, to carry them to Dublin about the latter end of next month, that they may be revised by Dr. Leland, and some other men of judgment, and that I may be determined how to dispose of them. Probably I shall send them over to you, in order to have them printed for myself, on the strength of such encouragements as I have reason to expect on both sides of the water. Alderman Porter, my very good friend, will

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I believe, give me all the assistance he can. There are others also whom I depend on. As to Dr. Wilson, he grew tired of my correspondence, and hath not written to me during something more than a year. However I have written to him, as well as to Mr. Porter, and you will be so good as to forward the letters, and to favour me with your advice as to the management of the publication. My Discourses are of such a nature, that I verily believe, little as sermons are now read, they will be inquired after. However, as soon as a great man or two near you have seen them, it will be the easier to foresee their fate. I intend the Bishop of London, or the Bishop of Oxford, perhaps both, shall see at least the controversial part of them in manuscript. If they approve, they cannot fail to please others.

For God's sake, let us not dwindle into annual correspondents; and the rather, as I cannot hope ever to be happy in a personal conversation with my dear friend. To London

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don I cannot go; but you and yours shall never be forgotten in the best wishes and warmest prayers of,

Dear Friend,

Your ever grateful and affectionate

PHIL. SKELTON.

P. S. My best respects to good Mrs. Richardson and my young friends.

TO THE REV. MR. SKELTON.

March 17, 1754.

I AM very much grieved my reverend and dear friend, that you should impute to me either indifference or delay in your service. The distance between us is the only cause of the unhappy appearance as to me; I writing to you, you to me, on the subject, and neither receiving in time the proper

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answers to his letters. Then you were for some time wholly in Dr. Wilson's hands. I really believe the Dr. did his best to serve you, for some time at least; and he was not a little concerned for your interest, as he said, that you gave him no time to consult and engage his friends in your cause.

O my dear and reverend friend! how am I grieved for that deplorable lowness, which most unkindly subjects me to your censure, and makes you think such vehement conjurings of me necessary. I have not met with any thing (the whole Irish invasion was nothing to it!) that has so much disturbed me, as that my friend, Mr. Skelton, should suspect me guilty of ingratitude or indifference to him and his affairs, even had he not so warmly and kindly as he has done, engaged himself in mine.

God preserve your life, and restore you to health and spirits! and this for my sake, as well as your own; and for the world's sake. What a misfortune is the distance we

are

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are at from each other! You could not, when you wrote the truly melancholy letter before me, have received some of mine. Every thing, in such an affair as this, cannot be managed as we wish. It should not have been two months before Dr. Wilson and I had met, had not the whole at that time depended, by your desire, on him to whom the MSS. were consigned, and not on me. I am sorry you two have so much misunderstood each other. People referred to will proceed in their own way. He may have his faults; but he *could* have served you. Mr. Millar and Mr. Johnston declined concern, except the former, upon the terms I mentioned to you. Thank God, my own heart reproaches me not of being either ungrateful or negligent in your affair. By this time, you will have before you letters of mine, which I presume you had not received on the 18th of February. On the 8th of February I had the MSS. sent me by Dr. Wilson, and not before.

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You can easily conceive and expect; but, my dear Sir, no press can keep pace with your expectations. Difficulties will arise. There have been some, from your great quantity of matter. Little did I know or imagine, that my dear friend had such a weight of despondency on his mind. I hope in God, you have not been, that you are not, in so unhappy a way as the friend you write to.

By the beginning of May you expect copies of perfect books. Upwards of sixty close printed sheets to be done in so few weeks! Dear Sir, what an expectation! Do not, by your impatience (and may I not almost say, despondency?) suspect the zeal for your service of a heart devoted to it.

All that is possible to be done for it, I will do. I will, if you think fit, make for you new proposals to Mr. Millar; but not till your next commands. For he gave me the former-mentioned terms, as his ultimatum.

I repent not that I took not Faulkner's seventy

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seventy guineas. I am surprized that you wish I had as he acted. But, let the affair take its course. My principal grief will be, and is, that I have given seeming cause to my good Mr. Skelton, to suspect the friendship, yea, the gratitude, of a man who will ever think himself under obligation to his friendship, and who will ever be his

affectionate and faithful, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 19, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last which was no date but that of the 7th instant, put on it in the London post-office, came to me on Friday last, and made me very uneasy. What shall I say? The

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The unfortunate accidents attending my affairs and the untoward management of it in the hands of one friend (O! why should I call him so?) hath given me occasion to charge another with neglect, who is really my friend. This charge grieves him and rebounds upon myself with double bitterness. I gave Dr. Wilson and you full power to do with my work what you thought fit, only still insisting that all possible dispatch should be made use of in the publication, whether for a bookseller or myself. This only reservation I made out of the full authority given. Had Dr. Wilson when he found no bookseller willing to be concerned, plainly told me my work was good for nothing; or, thinking otherwise of it, had he revised some part of it, and put it to the press on my earnest and repeated intreaties, and so gone on with the rest; or had you, my dear friend, on the like intreaties, and on the like indifference of the booksellers, proceeded in time to print; I should have had no cause of uneasiness;

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easiness; for in that case I should have been now employed in disposing of my copies, while both cities are crowded, and privilege it in, on each side of the water. What is more, my work might have been sold off in the life-time of its author, which, as things have been carried, it is now not highly probable that it will; and if it hath not my assistance what think you is likely to come of it? My state of health is at all times so indifferent and so uncertain, that I seldom form hopes of living half a year.

Under these uncertainties I prest in every letter, during the whole winter, for speedy publication, and in every answer am asked what I will have done? and at length am advised to do nothing till next year, as if I had a lease of my own life. This hath teazed me out of all patience, distracted me, and was, indeed, the sole cause of all that lowness, and those fears, both about my work and my life, expressed in my last letters. Make my case your own, my dear friend, consider it, and blame

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blame my anxieties, if you please. I had a most honest intention in writing the Discourses now in your hands. I took infinite pains to finish them; all my friends approved of them, pressed for the publication of them, and do still press. Yet how unfortunate have I been in every step! Johnston kept them a month on the way; Wilson kept them three, and does nothing, only hints a sort of contemptuous censure of them to you, and huffs them out of his hands. The booksellers despise them, and I am forced to print them, when the season for sale is over, or burn them. God's will be done. If I had wrote against my Saviour, or his religion, my work would, long ago have been bought, and reprinted, and bought again. Millar would have now been far advanced in his third edition of it. But why do I make these weak complaints. I know my work is calculated to serve the cause of God and truth, and by no means contemptibly executed. I am confident also, I shall, if God spares me life to give

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give it the necessary introduction, sell it to advantage, and receive the thanks of every good man for it. I will therefore be in the hands of God, and not of Mr. Millar, whose indifference to my performances invite me not to any overtures.

I beg, my dear friend, that nothing I say may give you disturbance.

I speak too plainly, but it is my way to say the worst I think. I love you, and always have done, since I knew you; and, were I to be tried, would prove it better than heretofore. But you will pardon the cries of a friend in misery, and will comfort him, if you can, with assuring him, that you are comforted.

I am your's as much as my own,

PHIL. SKELTON.

P.S. I care not how my work looks. Expedition and correctness are all I desire; and I now depend on you for both, with an implicit resignation, as to manner, time, &c.

TO

TO THE REV. MR. SKELTON.

London, April 3, 1754.

I AM amazed, my dear and reverend friend, that you should be so solicitous about franks! So very poor a consideration in the friendship between us!

I am, I will be, comforted; but, my dear friend, I, who also am accustomed to speak my whole mind, think nothing but your presence in England could have prevented half the delays your work has met with; and, that you are too impatient. Johnston's delay, who could help? He came not over, I believe, so soon as he intended. Dr. Wilson was your hearty friend, I really think, and intended you service, by submitting some of your discourses to the perusal of some,

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some, of whose judgment he had a high opinion, and whom he hoped to engage in promoting the sale of them. He was disobliged at your impatience; and, praising some of them, hinted that others wanted some softenings; but really said not this in a contemptuous manner. I could not do any thing in the affair, till Dr. Wilson had done trying Johnston and other persons, and till you ordered them from his hands into mine, with plenary power. I tried booksellers; Millar among the rest. I wrote to you the result. All this took up time. It was at last concluded, that you should print them at your own risk. It is impossible that any London printer can be at leisure the moment an author wishes him to begin his work; in the winter-time especially, which is our time of hurry. I was not willing to put your's out of my own hands, if one could have been found less engaged than myself. I was deeply engaged in getting ready to deliver six additional volumes of Journals

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Journals of the House of Commons here, before the Parliament broke up; the members, whose seats in the next Parliament will be precarious, being very pressing, as they would have had no claim to them, had they been delayed till the new Parliament, and they not in it. But what did I not do to serve you to the utmost of my power? I parted with three pieces of work; I put out to several printers the new edition of my Grandison; took in help to the first edition of the seventh volume; I refused Dr. Leland's last piece. But, yet with all this, let me tell you, my dear friend, that two such large volumes as your's could not possibly be finished so soon as you expected, from the time they came into my hands, by any one printer. Indeed, indeed, Sir, you have suffered your impatience to carry you too far; you have given way to your apprehensions, and have sat brooding over your anxieties; and your head has out-run the fingers of the swiftest printers in London.

Forgive

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Forgive me, Sir, I love you; you love me, I am sure. But is there not a warmth in your temper that adds to your malady, and gives a distrust, where you (so good a man!) should place a trust? That God whom you so zealously serve, will protect and preserve your life for the sake of his own cause, of which you are so warm an advocate.

The crossness of the posts! I writing to you in answer to one of your's; before you receive that, you writing another; that interfered with what I had written; and so we wrote on, only to add to the suspense we were both in! This vexatious situation ought to be taken into the account.

Don't let the enumeration of the works I have declined and parted with, or put out, make you think yourself under obligation to me; I never can repay those you have heaped upon me; nor would I have mentioned them, but to convince you, that I cannot be slack in whatever it is possible for me to do to serve you.

God

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God preserve your life, and give, with the coming season, to both, if it be his blessed will, better health. Believe me ever

Your most cordial Friend,

S. RICHARDSON.

CORRE-

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

THE REV. MR. J. STINSTRA

AND

MR. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

TO THE MOST COURTEOUS S. RICHARDSON,
JOHN STINSTRA WISHES ABUNDANT HEALTH.

YOUR Clarissa even here is highly admired by all, who are remarkable for extent of genius, and are governed by the love of religion. Neither does she seem to have lost all her elegance by the labour which I have bestowed upon her. Multitudes of people earnestly beg the printing of the remaining parts may be expedited. Among them, a

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certain minister of the Gospel, who, when he had finished the first volume, complained that it was flat and tiresome; after he had, at my intreaty, read the volumes through, confessed, "That he doubted not, but that if very many parts of these letters were to be found in the Bible, they would be pointed out as manifest proofs of divine inspiration."

But now it is fit that I give some account of those things, which you have collected from the letter of your friend, so favourable to me; and since you profess yourself desirous of knowing me, that I should myself briefly state the principal events of my life: for, although it is indecent and trifling to talk of a man's self without just cause, I imagine that your favour to me demands this now, so that you may see what sort of a man you have deemed worthy of it.

I am indeed that same person, who published an Epistle against the Reveries of the Fanatics (who strangely disturbed these countries)

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tries) in the year 1750. The learned De Boissy, of Berne, in Switzerland, but living at Leyden, gave a French translation.

My Five Discourses, concerning the Nature of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, &c. of which also your friend makes mention, in which I vindicate church liberty from every yoke of human authority, are extant only in Dutch. I have added a copy of them, as also of the Apology for the Civil Liberty of Religion, to the States of our Province, of which I am the author; likewise, my Petition to the same States; that from them all, of which the French translator enumerates in the Preface to the before-mentioned Epistle, you and others may be apprised, by means of men skilful in the language, for what kind of doctrine, and by what sort of judgment, I was condemned. For, having learnt the principles of a purer kind of divinity, and of a more noble sort of liberty, from the writings of Clarke, Hoadley, Locke, &c. I thought it my duty not only to propa-

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gate them with my utmost strength, but also to act agreeably to them in the whole course of my life; for which reason, upon an invitation which I received into the church of the Anabaptists, as they are commonly called, at Amsterdam (for I suppose you already know that I belong to that society) I refused to obey that call, because in that church I must have received the yoke, the Mennonist Orthodoxy, to which I do not wholly assent, and from which I was free in this less illustrious station. The same love of liberty afterwards impelled me to oppose, by the just mentioned Apology, the trouble which was invading our churches, a society of whom laid this task upon me. By this I raised the anger of the divines of our Reformed Church against me, as a patron of licentiousness, and an opposer not only of their authority, but of the civil also; which, however, flowed out with the greatest fury when I had published those Five Discourses;

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courses; especially when the assistance and patronage of the Prince of Orange was added to their endeavours. Strange indeed it may justly seem, that a person of his high rank should desire to rise against so insignificant a mortal! But the church was tottering! Orthodoxy was in danger! And some reported, that the Prince was swayed by reasons of state, to declare himself the defender of that cause, in order to attain the more easily that summit of power, which he afterwards held by other artifices Whatever were the reason, the Prince himself brings the affair before the States Delegate, who, by his advice, sent my Discourses to be canvassed by all the Universities of Holland, and the Ecclesiastic Classes, as they call them, of this province, who loaded them with the infamy of the rankest heresy. I am condemned unheard, as suspected of Socinianism; and am forbid to exercise the sacred office in my church. On my complaint to the States by the Petition, which

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you see annexed, I obtain no redress: nor the church itself, which, not only at that time, but very often afterwards, earnestly intreated that I should be released from the censure. I afterwards only once repeated my humble petition, since such conditions were imposed upon me, as I refused to submit to. That the reasons upon which I went in so doing may be seen, I have added also to the rest, a copy of them from the Dutch Gazette, in which is contained my expostulation, freely and sincerely declaring those reasons to the States Delegates; which is not separately published. These, I say, were the true and genuine reasons which restrained me from giving the required promise, that I would never propagate the Socinian doctrine; for, in truth, I am not inclined to that doctrine. This I readily acknowledge to you; but when men in power endeavour to bind us, and restrain our liberty, by confessions and engagements of this nature, I judge it is the part of a good subject,

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subject, and true Christian, not to suffer them to be obtruded upon us. Very many persons now accuse me of obstinacy; but I am conscious to myself of my own integrity, and that I have not obeyed the dictates of conscience, without diligently weighing the matter. If I err, my error is my misfortune.

Mean time I live thoroughly contented with my lot. I perform all the parts of the ecclesiastical office, except that I do not publicly preach, not neglecting catechetical exercises. Although I quitted all claim to my salary, as soon as my church was compelled to lose my sermons, yet my private circumstances are not so very narrow, but that I can conveniently suffer in myself, and provide a moderate furniture of books, with which I entertain myself by a close application to study. I enjoy the love of my whole church, and the friendship of very many good men, not only of my own profession, but of that of the reformed, of whose fi-

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delity, calamity has been the test. Thus, under the protection of the Best of Beings, who, even in the midst of my distresses, has preserved my cheerfulness and serenity of mind, my condition is far from being sad and deplorable. Although, at the first lowering of the storm, the resentment of the divines greatly raged against me, and attacked me with calumnies on all sides; although the sentence inflicted upon me, together with the votes of the divines, upon which it was grounded, being publicly printed and dispersed, had exposed me to the scorn of my whole country; although the divines very often afterwards laboured hard (yet in vain) to have me deprived of the power of publishing my own writings; that animosity seems now to be cooled, and I quietly commit whatever I please to the public inspection, as is sufficiently clear from my Epistle against the Fanatics, in which I have not spared the vulgar opinions of the divines, my countrymen. Besides, these following tracts

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tracts have been published by me, all in the Dutch language :—a Discourse against the fraudulent Withholding of Taxes; Thoughts upon the Epistle of Dr. Honest, Professor of the Civil and Canon Laws at Leyden, 3 vols. 8vo.—This man sounded the trumpet to the theologic war raised against me, when I, stimulated by a youthful ardour and feeling of injuries, yet not transported in the cause, I believe, beyond his merits, sent him out of the field pretty sharply handled. Very many persuaded me, that my pains were well employed, because in those Thoughts I had inserted a pretty large digression, concerning the necessity and dignity of good works, in which I yearly demonstrated, both from principles of sound reason, and testimonies of Scripture, that moral virtue constituted the essence of true religion; Twenty-four Ecclesiastic Discourses, in quarto, concerning some of the principal Doctrines and Duties of Christians, which I published as a specimen by

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which the notions which I had instilled into the congregation committed to me, might be judged of; and, lastly, I translated, in 11 vols. 8vo. all the Sermons of Dr. Samuel Clark. This man, indeed, I always honoured, as possessed of a truly apostolical spirit. From his valuable book, of the Truth of Natural and Revealed Religion, I drew sure and solid arguments for our most holy faith; and I am at this present time translating it into Dutch.

But the hope, that I shall ever be restored to the free exercise of my situation is now quite vanished. Last winter, certain delegates from our congregation, for that purpose, addressed the Princess Royal, Governess of the Netherlands, to implore her patronage, and recommendatory letter to the States of Friseland, that they would be pleased indulgently to grant this restitution. But the answer was, That the Princess thought it not convenient to interfere herself in this matter. When, in the year

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1749, a furious multitude in these parts were throwing all things into confusion, a factious party came also to my house, and desired to know whether I would choose the next morning or afternoon, to be conducted to the pulpit; adding, that they would see that the liberty of preaching should not henceforth be denied me. But, as I was averse from such violent measures, I checked them by a courteous answer; although they muttered threats, that if I would not consent, they would compel me by force.

Thus you have a short sketch of my history, circumstances, and writings, as I occasionally called them to mind. But I entered upon this account, not only with design that you might have a more distinct knowledge of the man, whom you permit to approach you by letter; but also to confess the truth, from a hope that you may be induced by this example of mine to favour me with larger means of knowing you. May I ask you (although I am too bold, my let-

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ter blushes not,) in what kind of life you have been conversant from your youth? Have you, as fame reports, been constantly employed in bookselling? Whence did you attain so accurate a knowledge of the various dispositions of nature, and of the manners of mankind? What was the first occasion of your application to writing? By what means have you compiled your immortal works? Did they flow from your invention? or, had you a model of a true action before your eyes, which you adorned with additional colourings?

From the foregoing you will easily guess, that my country, as a mother-in-law, is not held by me in the deepest veneration. I might therefore easily suffer myself to be prevailed upon to change my residence. Britain, as the happy asylum of liberty, has long ago spread its enticements before me. I was charmed with your most kind invitation; and should number among the most pleasing delights of my life, the permission of

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of beholding you, of conversing, and of being acquainted with you; but a powerful bar restrains me: my mother, deservedly dear to me, still lives, in whose house I lead a single life. I am the support and comfort of her old age, which is now seventy-six years, yet she is of a vigorous constitution. She would pine away with grief and sadnesss, if I should make preparations for so long a journey, since she would have reason to fear (as I myself should) that I should never remove my foot from British ground, if there I should once fix.

Farewel! many times farewel! most excellent Sir, and continue to love me as you have begun.*

J. STINSTRA.

P. S. This was written on the last day of March, 1753.—Dated on the 2d of April.

* Translated from the Latin.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Harlingen, December 24, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL try if I cannot write to you in the English, your native tongue, that you may read my letters, without the assistance of any other man. With reason, Sir, admire you my so long silence, who before expressed my so eager desire of frequently corresponding with you. I had wished to read the volumes that I might communicate to you my judgment on them, before I answered; and also take any measures relating to the publication of this your new work in our language; which, my opinion perhaps was produced, or greatly promoted, by my greediness to enjoy your delicacies. But I was overwhelmed with affairs, which I have mentioned to you in my former, I must also daily labour in my version

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sion of your Clarissa, that the press may not cease. I assisted one of my friends in the version and publishing of J. Clarke's Treatise on the Truth of Natural and Revealed Religion, which now is in the hands of our countrymen. Another friend here has committed to me the publication of Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Atonement, which he had translated in the Dutch, and which is now printing. Among all this business, I am distracted by domestic necessities. My only brother was taken by a dangerous illness, from which, however, he soon recovered. My brother-in-law is labouring under a consumption, and demands, by his weakness, our visits and assistance continually; and this sort of demands I think that we principally are obliged to take care of. I give, moreover, daily lessons in the Hebrew tongue to two of my kinsmen. If all this cannot make my excuse to you, my dear Mr. Richardson, I know not what more I can allege.

I have

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I have most heartily prayed the Almighty God for the health and welfare of your excellent Archbishop, of whom you give such a lovely and venerable character; and thanked Heaven for his happy recovery. May he yet enjoy many blessed days, to the benefit of your church, and the Christian church in general! Are there any of his works printed, Sir? I would gladly be more acquainted with his mind, while though as yet I have no opportunity to know him personally.

Let me tell you, Sir, that I with much delight have read, at different times, and considered your particular and candid narrative.

By the particular* of your being secretary in love matters to several young women, I can perceive that you might come to the full knowledge of the woman's heart, and its deepest recesses: this has enabled you, Sir, to paint with lively colours the most inmost thoughts, deliberations, and affections of a Clarissa, an Anna Howe, a Miss Byron;

* These particulars appear in the Life.

but

but by which means you have penetrated into the mysteries of unrighteousness, in the heart of a rake, a libertine, a wanton and sly Lovelace, this continues to me matter of astonishment! nor produce you any thing to deliver me of my wonder. On the contrary, you encrease it by your professions, which I, as the pledges of the truest confidence and friendship, have received. Pardon me, Sir, but I was before of opinion, that you in your Belford had drawn your own picture; that you had seen the world, and loved it; but afterwards escaped out of its inticements. In this case, I should not have been ashamed of corresponding with you; for, am I not a follower of that Saviour, which declared that there was joy in heaven on a repenting sinner? I have formerly conversed with such sinners, especially with one, intimately conversed, who, of a sound judgment and lively wit, having forsaken the follies of his youth, excelled in works of piety and charity; which

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which familiarity has been very useful to me in acquiring my knowledge, whatsoever it may be, of the hearts and characters of men; and peculiarly enabled me to distinguish, with more cognisance, the natural lineaments of a Lovelace. Happy! however, threefold happy are we, my friend, and have abundant reason to thank Heaven, which has favoured us with a virtuous education, and preserved us from the baits of corruption! What an easiness! what a serenity! for a mind striving in the way to eternal happiness!

I am extremely astonished, Sir, by your telling me that you never write by a plan; and when you ended one letter, hardly knew what would be your next. What a happy genius, that can thus prosecute his way through so many mazes and labyrinths, which perplex your common readers, and never deviate, without ever consulting a map!

May I venture yet another remark? Charmingly, most charmingly, paint you the

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the motions and effects of a generous love in the heart of Miss Byron; the object is worthy thereof. But may not this agreeable sensation steal upon the tender bosoms and minds of your readers among the fair sex; melt and soften them; and thus lay open (more than is convenient for the less prudent of that sex) to the allurements of specious lovers? Perhaps it were more proper that this surmise came from your female admirers than from me, a bachelor. I form only those doubts, my dear friend, that you may perceive that I do not read your works with a prepossessed mind, nor blindly praise them; that I read with a searching eye, yet not finding any blemishes, but meeting one or two little bright clouds, which, more accurately viewed, perhaps are a collection of shining stars.

At present I am so overwhelmed with worldly affairs, that I hardly can attend your Clarissa as I wish. Besides, I am bound, by promise to the public, that I should more amply

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amply than I before have done, defend the rights of liberty of conscience and religion; from which task I am drawn by the charms of your lovely Clarissa; but which I think myself under obligation to resume, as soon as I shall have ended my attendance on the Christian heroine. Moreover, I have formed a method of demonstrating the being and attributes of God, *a priori*, different from that of Clarke, Wollaston, Raphson, &c. which I am desirous to perfect and evulgate, that this most important foundation of all religion still the more firmly might be established. I have conceived a scheme to illustrate the scripture doctrine concerning the death of our blessed Saviour, and the benefits of it to mankind. I have collected materials for two moral Essays on Magnanimity and Humility, and their mutual consistency. Of all these I have given notice to some of my friends; and am thus half-obliged to bring these projects to execution if Providence preserves my health and powers.

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powers. Wherefore, knowing not how long these shall be granted me, and having thus much to perform, with a constitution of body not very strong, I dare not undertake any new work.

Your's,

J. STINSTRA.

TO THE REV. MR. J. STINSTRA.

London, March 20, 1754.

YOU are extremely obliging, dear and reverend Sir, to write to me in my own tongue. You tell me, that the attempt has cost you much time. I am grieved that it has, so much more usefully as you can fill up your time; and yet, by the propriety and copiousness of your language, I should not

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not otherwise have supposed but it was nearly as familiar to you as your own. Rashness, Sir, do you call the attempt? I admire it, and gratefully acknowledge, the condescension.

Let me acquaint you, Sir, that your pastoral letter is considered, with us, as a masterpiece. Two worthy young gentlemen of Cambridge, spoke to me of it in the highest terms of approbation, within these ten days, and of the justice done it in that university.

Continue, reverend Sir, your prayers for our good Archbishop. He is not, at times, so well as all good Englishmen wish him to be. I have not the honour to be known to him personally. But my good friend, Mr. Duncombe, whom I formerly mentioned to you, a most worthy and generously communicative man, who is much esteemed by his Grace, desired me to give him a copy of your solicitude for his Grace's health, and of the works you are employed in, in order to shew both to that good prelate, who had before

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before so highly approved of your pastoral letter, as to interest himself in the translation of it. Mr. Duncombe will endeavour to procure for you, two or three of his Grace's sermons, formerly published.

You think, Sir, you can account from my early secretaryship to young women in my father's neighbourhood, for the characters I have drawn of the heroines of my three works. But this opportunity did little more for me, at so tender an age, than point, as I may say, or lead my inquiries, as I grew up, into the knowledge of the female heart; and, knowing something of that, I could not be an utter stranger to that of man. Men and women are brothers and sisters; they are not of different species; and what need be obtained to know both, but to allow for different modes of education, for situation and constitution, or perhaps I should rather say, for habits, whether good or bad. As to the knowledge I seem to have had of the wicked hearts and actions of

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of such men as Lovelace, (which engages your wonder) I have been always as attentive to the communications, I may say, to the profligate boastings, of the one sex, as I have been to the disguises of the other. I I will only add on this subject, that I never was a Belford. If I had been such an one, and a penitent, I should have had no doubt of Mr. Stinstra's charity, had I acknowledged my errors to him.

I am not at all surprized, Sir, at what you say of the Familiar Letters, and of Æsop. They were both intended for the lower classes of people. I omitted several letters in the former, as too high for the design; in the latter, the reflections were such, for the most part, as I found them in one of our writers who had some reputation in that way, in his day.

You wonder that I appeared not as a writer earlier. Alas! Sir, the three pieces you mention with approbation are the products of leisure as well as industry. My business, till

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till within these ten or twelve years past, filled up all my time. I had no leisure; nor, being unable to write by a regular plan, knew I that I had so much invention, till I almost accidentally slid into the writing of Pamela. And, besides, little did I imagine that any thing I could write would be so kindly received as my writings have been by the world.

I am grieved, at times, that two countries should separate us. How happy should I be, could I hope to entertain my dear Mr. Stinstra in London! And must I give up all my flattering hopes of this pleasure? And is the advance of my life and infirmities the bar? God's will be done.

I think, Sir, we in England may glory in numbers of women of genius. I in particular may—I could introduce you, Sir, to such a circle of my own acquaintance!—No man has been so honoured by the fine spirits of the sex as I have been. I verily think, that the women of the politest regions

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are not to vie with ours. And the taste and numbers are every day increasing, though in an age of such general dissipation. O that we had been able to keep our women of condition to ourselves; that we had not given way to their crossing the narrow seas into a neighbouring kingdom! since we have very few instances of ladies returning from thence improved, I may say, uncorrupted, by the levities of the nation I have in my eye. Don't you think, Sir, that women are generally more susceptible of levity than men? If they are, they should not be allowed to go abroad, and to places of public entertainment so often as they do.

There are many discouragements and inconveniences which attend the man who has not regularity enough to write by a plan. I mentioned my inability in this particular as a defect. You, Sir, speak of it in a much nobler manner, in a manner worthy of yourself.

I thank you, Sir, for your other remark. It

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It is worthy of Mr. Stinstra's delicacy, and worthy of the friendship you honour me with. I repeatedly thank you for it: it comes from you, Sir (a batchelor) with very great propriety. From whom could it come with greater, than from a virtuous single man? I can only say, as to the force of it, that I hope no bad consequence to the morals of my fair readers will result from the descriptions I have made Miss Byron give of a tender passion for an object so worthy. Yet my dear Mr. Stinstra alarms me a little. Be so good, Sir, to watch me through the work in this and in every other instance, which may have a dangerous tendency, and you will inexpressibly oblige me.

I have not at hand the copy of my former letter; but, did I any where in it express my solicitude for the honour of your translating my work, on a supposal of your approbation of it? If I did, excuse me, Sir; and let

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me beseech you, that you will not give yourself any trouble about it, that may in the least interfere with your great avocations, and with those noble works which you have in design. God Almighty preserve your life and health, and enable you to go through them all, for the sake of your own comfort, and the benefit the world must reap from them! Acquaint me, dear and reverend Sir, how, from time to time, you proceed in these arduous and glorious tasks. How sorry am I to hear, that your constitution of body is not as vigorous as your mind!

"Will I still love you?" My dear, my excellent, my condescending, Mr. Stinstra, let me be assured of your affection, as I love you, and it will be an happiness that will attend me to my latest hour.

Your ever obliged and
faithful Friend and Servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

P S. As

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P. S. As to the enquiry you make into the meaning of the words, "Such worse than Waltham disguises," they allude to the following facts:—

About the years 1722 and 1723, great numbers of disorderly persons associated themselves, and entered armed, and in disguise (their faces blacked) into several forests and parks, particularly in that of Waltham, in the counties of Berks and Southampton, and killed and carried off many deer, and frequently, by menacing letters, demanded money and venison to be sent them to particular places, on pain of murdering the persons sent to, or of burning and destroying their houses, barns, &c. And, to such a pitch of audaciousness had they arrived, that, assembling in large bodies, they fired at many persons in their own houses, maimed their cattle, broke down their gates and fences, cut down young plantations of trees, avenues, and broke down the heads of fish-

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ponds, robbing them of their fish; insomuch that the legislature was obliged to exert itself by a particular Act of Parliament, making persons appearing armed and in disguise to be guilty of felony.

CORRE-

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON,

MR. DEFREVAL,

DR. JOHNSON,

&c. &c.

TO MR. DEFREVAL.

London, Jan. 21, 1750, *O. S.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry you have been prevented in your intended translation of Clarissa. I am printing a new edition in octavo and in twelves. I have been prevailed upon to restore several passages, and some few letters, which I omitted, because of the length of the piece. These additions, and a table of sentiments, collected from the whole work,

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shew it to be more than a mere amusement, and that it is designed to be a piece of life and manners.

I should be glad to know in what forwardness the French edition is; and if my additions, &c. will be of service to it. When a writer is living, methinks it is pity he should not be consulted whether he has any assistances or alterations to contribute, for the translator's own sake.

I have not one book left, nor is there any to be purchased, out of near 3000, though so bulky a work. And I have the pleasure of telling you, without any mixture of vanity, that it rises in reputation. But I am drawn into acquaintance, and into correspondencies upon it, so numerous, and that with and from people of condition, that what time I have to spare from my troublesome and necessary business, is wholly taken up. But I am teazed by a dozen ladies of note and of virtue, to give them a good man, as they say I have been partial to their sex, and unkind

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unkind to my own. But, Sir, my nervous infirmities you know—time mends them not—and Clarissa has almost killed me. You know how my business engages me. You know by what snatches of time I write, that I may not neglect that, and that I may preserve that independency which is the comfort of my life. I never sought out of myself for patrons. My own industry, and God's providence, have been my whole reliance. The great are not great to me, unless they are good. And it is a glorious privilege, that a middling man enjoys who has preserved his independency, and can occasionally (though not Stoically) tell the world, what he thinks of that world, in hopes to contribute, though but by his mite, to mend it.

I have taken much pains in the table of sentiments I mentioned. Many of my friends wish to see it printed by itself, as a collection of maxims, aphorisms, &c. which they think would be of service to the world, in-

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dependent of the history, as they relate to life and manners. I will annex the heads they are ranged under. If the French edition take them not in (for it would be pity to have a competition) I leave it to you to consider of it, when you see it.

As to giving you an account of pieces published here, that are likely to be acceptable with you, I have spoken to several of my literary friends, and shall speak to more, in hopes of serving you. I wish you had written to me before on this subject.

Your affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

P. S. I should be glad of literary news as it offers. If I should do any thing in relation to a good man, let me know what such a one, to be polite, would do or see at Paris. Can you give me your laws against duelling? Have you seen two volumes, called Deism

1 Revealed?

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Revealed? 'Tis a well written piece, and much approved here. I think it is not harsh against the religion of France; but scourges our infidels, sceptics, deists, &c. as well by name as works; and may give you in France a good notion of many of our English writers of note.—Tom Jones is a dissolute book. Its run is over, even with us. Is it true, that France had virtue enough to refuse a licence for such a profligate performance.

TO MR RICHARDSON.

Paris, April 17, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are so kind to say, you wish I had written to you sooner about giving me intelligence of books worth translating; but my reason for not doing it was, that I hoped, at first, to be able to get the start of our translators for at least one good book in ten;

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thinking it impossible for them to ingross every thing to themselves. For, I know very well how much you were taken up with your own affairs, and was loth to trouble you with mine, before I was convinced I had no other means left to get employment, but the real good nature of such a virtuous friend as yourself. It is indeed in your power to do me much service, and I rely intirely upon you for that. I thank you for mentioning to me Deism Revealed, which is now in my possession. I shall read it very attentively, and if I find it contains nothing against the revealed religion of France, I will propose it to Mr. Durand, who, I dare say, will readily accept of it. Religion, in general, has as many enemies here, as any where else; and a book that bashes and turns them into ridicule, can never be more seasonable than now. I am sorry to say it, but you do my countrymen more honour than they truly deserve, in surmising that they had virtue enough to refuse a licence to Tom Jones: I think it a pro-

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profligate performance upon your pronouncing it such, for I have not read the piece, though much extolled; but it has had a vast run here this good while, and considering how things go on, I don't believe there is now a book dissolute enough to be refused admittance among us, since pieces of the worst tendency are sure of getting it by hook or by crook. No other literary news can I give you at present, and sad ones indeed these are. You shall have them of a more acceptable kind as soon as any offer. What you seem now doing in relation to a good man fills me with real joy. The ladies who put you upon it were much in the right, and I could swear they all of them told you in so many words, that the picture of a good man could never be had more perfect, and more to the life, than from the best of men, Mr. Richardson. My friend, Mr. Pluche, the author of Nature Displayed, is also a very good man; and you have been a daily witness how confidently he trusted me with every

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every one of his sheets, which he sent me by the post, as he went on printing, to save me the mortification of meeting with competitors; I hope, dear Sir, you will not think it any rashness in me to beg the like favour of you, for what you are now doing upon a *good man*. If you are kind to me to that degree, your reward is certain, since I cannot, with God's grace, fail getting an estate by publishing at my own cost a book of your's upon such a subject, or rather upon any subject whatever. Notwithstanding our ever increasing immorality, there are still left among us, of both sexes, people of incontrovertable character, whom your intended good man might frequent at Paris and in the provinces of France: he must be supposed to single them out himself, after strict and prudent enquiries, and to be directed in that choice by some honest acquaintance, procured him there from England. He might, perhaps, meet with a worthy person among the high-stationed

of

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of the law, the church, the sword, the trade, and even the court; but would be more likely to find a great number of them in the middle ranks of all these classes. I would fain know how far you extend the meaning of the word polite, when you ask me what your good man (to be polite) would do and see at Paris? That word has almost as many acceptations as there are people that use it. I was just mentioning to you the state of religion in France, but I must tell you, that though there is little of that preserved here, yet the French are rigid observers of the empty rites of the worship called politeness, which they pay to a deity still emptier, and of their own creation, called *bien-séance*. Your good man would, at first, imagine the word to mean something excellent in its kind; but time and observation would soon put him out of conceit with that perfect *ignis fatuus*.

True politeness is, in my humble opinion, nothing but charity diffusing itself more

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more or less towards all men in obliging words and actions; and we have found means to substitute to that a counterfeit kindness entirely calculated to indulge self love and dissimulation in all their branches. All you are to do here is, to divert and amuse the people you are with; they take none or little notice of your morals; and, provided you keep strictly to the outside, which engages and pleases them for the time, you are very welcome, at leaving any company, to go, and, upon the least shadow of pretence, cut your best friend's throat in a duel. You ask me the laws of my country against that horrid practice; the only one I know of is an edict of the late King Lewis the Fourteenth, whereby his Majesty declares, that not only whoever has fought a duel, but even so much as given or accepted of an appointment towards one, shall be broken upon the wheel without the benefit of clergy; but so many evasions

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evasions have been contrived to frustrate this law, that it has hitherto proved of no effect.

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

J. B. DEFREVAL.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 9, 1750-1.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH Clarissa wants no help from external splendour, I was glad to see her improved in her appearance, but more glad to find that she was now got above all fears of prolixity, and confident enough of success to supply whatever had been hitherto suppressed. I never indeed found a hint

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a hint of any such defalcation, but I regretted it; for though the story is long, every letter is short.

I wish you would add an *index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident, he may easily find it, which at present he cannot do, unless he knows in which volume it is told; for Clarissa is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever; but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

S. JOHNSON.

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

September 26, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you my sincerest thanks for the volumes of your new work;* but it is a kind of tyrannical kindness to give only so much at a time, as makes more longed for: but that will probably be thought, even of the whole, when you have given it.

I have no objection but to the preface, in which you first mention the letters as fallen by some chance into your hands, and afterwards mention your health as such, that you almost despaired of going through your plan. If you were to require my opinion which part should be changed, I

* Sir Charles Grandison.

should

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should be inclined to the suppression of that part which seems to disclaim the competition. What is modesty, if it deserts from truth? Of what use is the disguise, by which nothing is concealed?

You must forgive this; because it is meant well.

I thank you once more, dear Sir, for your books; but cannot I prevail this time for an index? such I wished, and shall wish, to Clarissa. Suppose that in one volume an accurate index was made to the three works;—but while I am writing an objection arises—such an index to the three would look like the preclusion of a fourth, to which I will never contribute; for if I cannot benefit mankind, I hope never to injure them.

I am, Sir, your most obliged,
and most humble Servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

TO

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Dr Johnson to Mr Richardson,
after his Arrest.

Dear Sir

Yours most thankfully
Read
most thankfully received
Sam. Johnson
My Lady

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago.

Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,

and most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Note.—This letter was written in consequence of Mr. Richardson's having given bail for Dr. Johnson.

ODE

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ODE

TO MR. HIGHMORE,

On Mr. Richardson's sitting to him for his Picture.

O Skilful Highmore! can thy noble art
Express the beauties of a worthy heart?
Canst thou such dazzling colours blend,
As may to future ages shew
The whole of thy illustrious friend,
And bid each virtue on thy canvas glow?

Well can thy running pencil trace
The comely features of his honest face;
Well canst thou suffuse his eye,
With sense and soft humanity;
Good humour too the dimpled cheek,
And pleasing countenance bespeak.

But where, O where! are we to find
His restless zeal for doing good?
His ardent love for all mankind?
Paint, if thou canst, the sorrow he sustains,
For the poor wretch his charity maintains;
Paint his tears of pity, paid
With melting tears of gratitude,

By

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By the lone widow, and the orphan shed.
Paint, O paint! the prayers that rise
Like incense to th' attentive skies:
Paint the blessings they obtain,
Pouring down like vernal rain,
Upon his happy, favoured head.

Such is the magic of thy hand,
We listen and expect to hear
Flow from his lips that eloquence divine,
Which can with absolute command
Our hearts to sorrow, or to joy, incline;
Sudden extort the gushing tear,
Or heal with balmy words the wounded ear.

In vain we listen.—Can thy art supply
That wisdom, wit, and penetrating skill
Which can explore the mazes of the mind;
Trace all the hidden motives of the will,
And in the dark recesses find
The secret thoughts which at the bottom lie?

Lay by thy pencil: it can do no more
Than Raphael or Apelles could before;
And all that Raphael could, or Highmore can,
Is to delineate the outward man.
In his own works thy friend we view;
These will remain for ever new:

Posterity

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Posterity shall know him there,
And all mankind our pleasure share.
Thy tints must fade, and he must die;
But these shall live till time sink in eternity.

THOMAS MULSO.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF CLARISSA.

(Translated from the German of Major Hoharst.)

FLOWER, tho' transplanted, still blooming: fairest associate of Eden's flowers. O! may'st thou not close in obscuring shades. May no swift decay invade thy bloom.

Gentle zephyrs, like those which cherish the earth, for thee are too rough. Ah! a storm arises. Alas! it blasts thee in its first onset.

Sweet flower, blighted in thy full-blown glories; beautiful in ruin: we view thee with tears of admiration.

How

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How amiable was the living Clarissa! In her shone each attractive grace: and even now, in the sleep of death, a more placid red covers her hollow cheeks.

Now separated, her exalted soul hastened to the cœlestial spirits: the kindred spirits joyfully received her.

The Empyrean Olympus, through its whole extent, immediately resounded, rest, glory, and refulgent crowns, to thy transcendant beauty.

Thus triumphs untainted merit. Come, Caroline, let us together keep a festival to the hour of her removal; the hour when she left us her divine pattern.

Bring cypress boughs, that I may wreathe the lugubrious garland: whilst thou, affectionate sister, bedewest it with a flood of tears.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Berlin, Jan. 8, 1757.

THE first day of this year was a very happy one to me; for it was on this I received the kind and very paternal letter you have been pleased to honour me with. Indeed, my dear and ever honoured father, I shall look on this occurrence as for an argument, that this shall be a year full of bliss to me (and so might it be to my dear London relations) having so happily begun. And do you, by your own kind hand, oblige me with a confirmation of what my heart was proud of?—You do! And still shall I, can I, boast of so worthy a relation? You say you *do* know all the motions of my heart! and so I need not tell you those I feel on this occasion: receive, therefore, my beloved

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beloved father, now only the repeated grateful thanks of your ever obliged daughter.

But, dear Sir, what a letter is your's! And do you not fear that your kind partiality and your praises will make me haughty? But, no! the conciousness of my many imperfections will soon oppress these buds of pride; for my heart does itself justice enough.

You command me to write to you with the frankness of a friendship of a long standing. Well, Sir, I am engaged both by gratitude and inclination to deal freely with a heart so nobly open as yours; and so I use the permission you so kindly give me. As to what belongs to the knowledge I have of the English tongue, I know that it is very little; and that I owe only to your indulging goodness what you were pleased to say about it, in the letter before me. I have been for a long time a very great admirer of the English authors; for all I read of excellent books were translations

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of English ones. I became by such lectures every day more desirous to be capable of reading them in their originals; but my father being too much busied to satisfy my desire of giving me lessons himself, and having no other opportunity, I was compelled to content myself with reading only translations, till at last Mr. Burton (whom you know perhaps) came to Berlin. He had addresses for my father, who invited him to his table; and if he would favour my brother and me with lessons, he agreed to add three crowns for it: and so we had the first opportunity of a thing so long wished for. But, unhappily for me, I had scarce begun to have some notion of the pronunciation, when I was obliged to take a journey to one of my relations at Magdebourg. I remained there eight months; and in this time my brother acquainted me with the departure of Mr. Burton. When I returned, I endeavoured to translate, and to study the language without the aid of any body, till a

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friend of ours, who was just returned from travelling, and who had lived a year in England, had the goodness to speak with me, and to correct my translations; and by his help I came to read tolerably well, and to understand the poems of Young, Milton, and Thomson. But now I am obliged to exercise myself without him, for he is sixteen miles from here. And so, my dearest father, you have a true and exact account of what you desire to know.

As to the history of my family, it would be too long for the limits of a letter; let me therefore give it as briefly as possible.

My father's character I gave you, when I said that he resembled the good Dr. Bartlet: his heart is as honest and as worthy: and his learning is said (if it is permitted to a daughter to relate it, but I can boast of my father) to be very large; and his library shews that it is not only limited to theological and philosophical subjects. His native country is Anhalt; and so he is no

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born subject of our king. In his youth he educated a young nobleman, and the Prince of Hess Homburg; and in 1730 he became preacher at Magdebourg: then he married my mother, whom he had loved for ten years. But this happy union lasted no longer than one year. I was born the 24th of March, 1733. My father remained a widower till my ninth year; during this time he employed his leisure to my education; and in 1739 he married my present mother: she is a very good and worthy woman. In 1740, he received a call to be chaplain in ordinary of the king. We came hither; and now he is the first chaplain, and the chief preacher in our King's estate. He is fifty-six years of age; and has now so much business and labour, that he cannot see us otherwise than at table, and so he cannot watch the education of his children as his paternal heart wished to do. This grieves him; but he says he is not his own, but his king's and his country's.

My

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My mother is forty-three years old; my brother eighteen; my sister seventeen; my second brother twelve; and the youngest six: one sister and one brother died children. And now, my honoured father, you have the brief account of my family. Each of them recommends himself to the favours of my dear adopted father, and begs his friendship.

No! my beloved father, I will not suppress my vivacity with you; I will not: but I will endeavour that it shall never grow to a prejudice for my heart and reason.

Why, dear Sir, do you ask my pardon, for a very useful admonition for a young woman, which you gave me by intreating me to read the letter mentioned in yours of Miss Howe? I not only forgive, but am obliged to Mr. Reich that he has procured to me your kind hint; and I promise you, that your daughter shall apply herself to be worthy in this and all other points of the approbation of her honoured father.

Will your worthy spouse, and my dear

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sisters, receive my best compliments? I feel my heart is engaged to them. It must be in the soul a sympathizing bent to mutual affection, ready to be heightened into love; and the least appearance of acquaintance, must be the occasion that enlarges it, and sets it in all its strength. Whence else these emotions I feel for you all? For, indeed, my dearest Sir, my heart overflows with tenderness and love for its dear foreign relatives; and these tender impulsions are the warrants that I shall never cease to be,

Dearest Sir, your most humble,
and grateful Servant and Daughter,
A. C. SACK.

P. S. Is it not possible you could take a voyage in the summer to Berlin? and, if possible, do it, dearest father; rejoice the heart of your Antoinette. Pray do it! Heaven! what a joy, what a transporting joy for me, if I could ask your blessing, you present!

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Leipsic, May 10, 1754.

SIR,

THE late present you have made to the public, in the History of Sir Charles Grandison, has been received with as much admiration and pleasure by my countrymen as by your own. For my part, I am extremely sensible of its excellence, and wish not for any thing so much as to recommend myself to the favour of a gentleman of such great merit. You had the goodness to send me the first copy from England, and this is the use I have made of it: Mr. Gellert, the only man, perhaps, in Germany equal to the task, has undertaken to translate it; and, I flatter myself, the original will lose none of

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its beauties under his hands. "Nothing but a Mr. Richardson, and the friendship I have for you, could prevail with me to undertake this affair," said he to me. For this worthy man is closely engaged in business, and has long been afflicted with an ill state of health. The result of all I will not fail to acquaint you with, as it is the least I can do for a man whom I value more from inclination (or for his own sake) than for the obligation he has laid me under. It is not possible, Sir, for me to write like you, unless I were the best gentleman in the universe; and this character gives me more respect for you, than if you possessed all the empires of the world. It is with these sentiments I shall ever remain, Sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,
ERASMUS REICH,
(Librarian.)

TO

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Leipsic, June 12, 1758.

SIR,

THOUGH our correspondence has been suspended till this time, I flatter myself, nevertheless, that I have not thereby suffered in your friendship, which is a treasure I well know the value of, and which I hope to preserve even after death.

Our situation is still the same—melancholy, very melancholy! The horrors of the war surround us! Our fine cities, pleasant gardens (the pleasant retirements) are become the receptacles of sick and wounded!—An object which heightens our distress! An entire resignation to the will of God can only comfort us; and 'tis that which supports me, and enables me calmly to wait for an end to our troubles.

You see, Sir, by the inclosed, that I have

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often thought of you; and I beg of you to believe, that these thoughts have always been accompanied with the sincerest wishes for you, Sir, and all your dear family. Please to present my respects to them, to Mr. Highmore, Mr. La Ferre, &c. I shall be extremely pleased to be informed of their welfare. Our worthy Mr Gellert likewise assures you of his friendship. This dear gentleman suffers also greatly from the public calamities, without being cast down by them. Providence will, at length, deliver us out of them.

As soon as all the cuts are finished, I will send you as many of them as you desire. I think, however, we shall be able to complete them before the end of the year. I will then likewise send you a copy of the new edition of Grandison in German, which is now printing more neatly than before.

I am, with the utmost respect,

Your most obedient, &c.

REICH.

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HISTORY

OF

MRS. BEAUMONT,

A FRAGMENT.

IN A LETTER FROM

DR. BARTLETT TO MISS BYRON.

I WILL now, Madam, acquit myself of the promise I made of giving you a brief history of Mrs. Beaumont.

This lady was the daughter of Walter Beaumont, descended from an ancient house in Norfolk. There were three brothers. The eldest being in possession of the family estate, which was very considerable, the other two, Walter and John, were sent up to London, and put to eminent merchants.

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chants. Walter to a Turkey merchant, John to a Spanish.

Walter, when his time of service was expired, married, by consent, his master's only child; and his father-in-law dying soon after, became the possessor of his fortune, and successor in his traffic; and, having a considerable portion of his own, grew early rich.

He was married some years before he was blessed with his Hortensia. She was the delight and boast of both parents. Admired by all who saw her for the graces of her person, but much more for the beauties of her mind, and for a solidity and prudence and knowledge, beyond her years.

She lost her mother when she was but nine years of age, and was no more than twelve, when she was deprived of her father.

He laboured for some years under a consumptive disorder; for the cure of which he went to the south of France, and to Naples; taking with him this, his amiable child.

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He was an excellent man, and always employed in good offices. His beloved child was his almoner, from the time of her worthy mother's death. Grief for the loss of his wife increased his maladies.

Receiving little or no benefit in foreign climates, he returned to his native country, in order, as he said, to die there. His Hortensia was then but eleven. His principal concern, on a decay too visible, arose from the thoughts of leaving behind him, at an age so tender, the darling of his heart; for whose sake, he used to say, life, even with such an ill state of health as he laboured with, was desirable.

He delighted to call her his little nurse. In the last stage of his illnesss, she was the patient attendant of her dying father; nor was she capable of taking any pleasure, but what she received in administering to him. He would take nothing but from her hands; and she was jealous of any body's interfering with her, either night or day, in the pious offices which she could perform for

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him. And though as his life grew near its period, her eyes were continually swelled with weeping, yet he having once said, that every tear from her eyes, drew a drop of blood from his heart, she never approached him but with a serene aspect; practising for it, and asking the nurses, whether she was now, and now, fit to attend her father; making pretences to leave him for a few moments, when her bursting heart could not be hidden from him.

He died blessing her. His departure, at the time, was not thought so very near. It was his custom every morning, on her first attendance, to bless, with folded arms, the beloved of his heart. Her cheek received his last breath.

She was carried away in fits, from which, for some hours, it was apprehended she never would recover; and when she did, could not for months be comforted.

Mr. John Beaumont, her uncle, was younger by two years than her father. He had not succeeded in the world, as his brother

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had done; but that he had not, was owing to unhappy accidents, which he could not either foresee or prevent. His circumstances were not, however, desperate. His brother had always been kind to him; and would not suffer him to incur disgrace. His character was high in the world for a punctual and honest man; and he had reaped no small advantage, both in his credit and fortune, from the management of his brother's money and affairs, all the time his brother was abroad for his health, and which still remained in his hands.

The worthy father had once, in presence of his Hortensia, talked of his affairs with his brother, who had been accounting to him for the interest of some monies, and the produce of some of his effects; and, turning to her, my dearest love, said he, you will have a large fortune. God raise up a man who may be worthy of you. I am afraid, I shall not live to see you married; but I hope your uncle will. If I do not, my brother's regard to my memory, and to that

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of your excellent mother, who loved him, and his affection for my Hortensia, and care of your concerns, will alleviate the loss of the tenderest father.

On her father's death, the inconsolable young lady was taken by her uncle to his house. He presented his four daughters to her, the youngest of whom was about fourteen, the eldest nineteen, with these words, "behold, your handmaids, my dear." And her to them, with these—"receive the commands of your cousin, my loves! let it be the study of you all, to make her happy." She embraced them, and besought the affection of her beloved cousins, as she should deserve it; and on her knees to her uncle, intreated him to allow her to call him *father*; as she did to her aunt, that she would permit the poor orphan child to restore to herself a *mother* in her.

Miss Beaumont, as has been said, was about twelve years old when she lost her father. She had reason to think herself very happy in the tender love of her uncle and

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aunt, and in the affectionate regard of her cousins, till she had attained her fourteenth year. Then the prosperous circumstances of her uncle made his daughters proud. Pride begot, first, coldness to their cousin, then arrogance. Every body admired her improved and improving genius; and she so greatly eclipsed her cousins, that on every subject where prudence or discretion, or even fashion or appearance, was concerned, their opinion never was regarded when she was present. They must have been as great in mind as she was to bear this distinction in their disfavour.

Her aunt joined to slight her.

Addreſſes were made to the two eldest daughters, by men whose proposals were tempting to the father.

He had entered on an extensive traffic, on his brother's plan, and with his brother's fortune, and was successful in it. He took possession of all his brother's papers at his death; Mrs. Beaumont doubts not, with a resolution to do her justice; a resolution

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which, she believes, he held for the two first years of his guardianship; and even that he withstood for near a third, the continual demands upon him, of his wife and daughters to do them justice, as they called it; and to let the girl (now their common word for her) who took into her head to think herself entitled to a great fortune, know what she had to trust to.

It is said, but not to the credit of human nature, that every man has his price. A small sum would not have shaken the integrity of Mr. John Beaumont; but when he found himself prosperous from an extended traffic, in which a great part of his fortune was employed—when he had not any body to call him to account—when he had in his own hands all the papers, deeds, and acknowledgements, that would have distinguished and ascertained his brother's property—the money in the funds vested in himself—when his way of living and expences were enlarged, suitably to his increased credit—when advantageous propo-

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sals were made him for two of his daughters in marriage—when his wife, and all four of them, were in a strong confederacy against the orphan niece—the temptations were too great for his virtue: He yielded to them. The two eldest daughters were married, and five thousand pounds were given with each. These sums made such an inroad in his brother's estate, that his honesty became irrecoverable.

The unhappy Hortensia was for some time at a loss how to account for the ill usage she received from any other motives than envy. She knew that three years before, in her father's life-time, her uncle pretended not to give his elder daughter more than five hundred pounds, on a match being proposed for her, which took not place; and she also knew, that her father, who thought it an advantageous one, had told her uncle, that rather than it should go off, he would make her fortune fifteen hundred; and now upon being assured, that ten thousand pounds were actually paid to the husbands of her

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two elder cousins; and being insultingly told by the two younger, that they should certainly have as much for their marriage portions; Miss Beaumont, after infinite struggles with herself, took courage, to ask her uncle, whether it were not proper, that she should have an estimate given her of what her father died possessed of?

This motion was resented with a vehemence that alarmed her. He asked, who put her upon it? She answered, with more spirit than she had been accustomed to shew, that she was put upon it by the reason of the thing only; for that he knew she had no friend but him; and hitherto had not entertained a thought, that there would be occasion for consulting any person but him, on whatever related to herself.

Her cousins, and even her aunt, shewed their resentments on this occasion. The young women upbraided, and sometimes insulted her. Her uncle refused to hear any appeal, however reluctantly and modestly made, on the increasing ill-usage and malice

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of her four cousins; for it was some time before the new-married women left their father's house; and she had the contumely of their husbands also to bear. Often was she obliged to rise from table, her cheeks bathed in tears, her grief mocked and ridiculed, and they revelling in her spoils. On the visits of neighbours or acquaintances, she was generally suffered to bewail herself in her closet; neither called upon or invited down; nor, but at meal times, asked to be one of their family; and, at such times, was often precipitated away by their low and malevolent slights and captiousness: her heart, when refuged in her own apartments, bursting with grief; her father's love remembered; her uncle's ingratitude regretted; as well for his sake, as for her own; and consoling herself with prayers for them all; and that God would change their hearts.

All this time, she had not one friend to whom she could apply for advice, or tell her tale; till one of the maid-servants, who

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was disgracefully dismissed for befriending and weeping over her, brought her acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Winwood, the widow of a worthy clergyman, who left her in narrow circumstances; and, though well-allied, to struggle with some acts of ingratitude and injustice, for which she found no remedy but patience.

To this gentlewoman, the poor Hortensia would now and then steal; and all their comfort, on comparing their mutual hardships, was to mingle together their unavailing tears.

When she was about fifteen, a critical fire happened, through the carelessness, as it was said, of a servant, by means of a stove-grate, in the compting-house. Whatever books and accounts, particularly belonging to her uncle, were consumed by it, must be taken upon trust. Many such, it was said, were lost; but not one paper or book of consequence, that related to the affairs of her deceased father was spared.

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The circumstances attending this fire were too particular not to create some suspicions at the time; but to whom could the unhappy Hortensia apply for relief! Her uncle's credit was still good. He was her guardian; and the high opinion his deceased brother had of his integrity was well known. Nor had Hortensia endeavoured to make a party against him in her own favour. She was yet, in the eye of the law, but an infant. She was in his house; and was even represented by her cousins, as a proud, vain-glorious, conceited girl. These charges will be easily believed, when made against a person of superior understanding, however causeless; and never were charges more causeless made, than these against the meek, the humble, Hortensia. The weak and the credulous think themselves insulted by such, and will join as in a common cause against them. The envy of the envious is an indirect confession against themselves of superiority in another; but they seldom

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forgive those who put them upon making it. Once, indeed, her elder uncle was sounded, unknown to her; but this, as it afterwards came to her knowledge, was the substance of what he said: "His brother John was always deemed an honest man. He had informed him that the effects of the deceased brother were not near so considerable as reported. John had trafficked to great advantage since the death of Walter. The girl was but a girl; (he himself had treated his sisters ill upon the same principles) had she the fortune to which some thought her entitled, she might throw herself away upon some worthless man, and be more unhappy than with a smaller."

Had Sir Charles Grandison been then her contemporary, he would have shewn to every one concerned the force of quite contrary arguments. He would with pleasure have espoused her cause, and searched to the bottom of the iniquity. He has relieved, since he came to England, more than one innocent creature, labouring under oppres-

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sion, by his very appearance in the righteous cause, and by the fame of his resolution.

Mrs. Winwood, the pious, the patient, Mrs. Winwood, was the only person to whom the young sufferer could open her heart. And she continually inculcated in her mind the doctrines of resignation which she herself, to her great comfort, daily practised.

At last the insults she met with being not to be borne, among the rest the unmarried daughters insisting upon the young lady's attendance upon them, in their dressing rooms, the afflicted Hortensia desired a patient audience of her uncle alone.

He, though ungraciously, granted her request; and she laid before him the hardships she laboured under, from the ill nature of her cousins, and their demands upon her for attending them.

His answer, delivered with great coolness, was, "He knew no harm in young ladies doing kind offices for one another: he doubted not but her cousins would be as ready to oblige her, as she was them."

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She wept. "It was far otherwise (she said.) He must know it was far otherwise."

"That (he said) was calling upon him to bear testimony against his own children."

"She had hoped (she replied) that she might have been considered as one of his children."

"So she had been, and still was; though he must needs say, that of late she had shewn herself a pretty pert one."

"Who, I? who, I? my uncle, a pert one! Indeed, I have been treated as if I were so. But I know not myself, if I am."

She called out for instances that she might rectify her conduct.

"What signified recriminating? She was a very young creature; and, for the sake of her father's memory, he was desirous to overlook common failings."

"My father's memory! (repeated she, profoundly sighing); but, Sir (after a pause) if my aunt will have the goodness to countenance the poor orphan a little more when my cousins use me ill, and chide them when she

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thinks them blameable, instead of smiling at their insults and ridicule, I shall not for the future, have so much reason to complain as I have now."

"She called herself orphan (he replied) to reflect upon him and her aunt. Her aunt was a good-natured woman; and it was hard, if she might not be allowed to smile at the jests of young folks with young folks."

She wept:—"he knew (she said) that was not the case: she never dared to jest with them; nor was her situation of late, such as disposed her to jest."

He could hardly contain himself on this. His conscience allowed him to take the hint in the severest sense; yet had not strength enough with him to make his resentment yield to justice—he stormed!

She was terrified: but resuming some little courage: "I am unhappy, indeed (said she): I hoped to raise to myself a protector in my uncle; and intended not to offend him. I must not call myself an orphan; what can I call myself? I am too pert a creature to be

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considered as your child." He stormed still more; went out of the room; instantly returned; traversed it with hasty steps, stopping for a moment only as he passed her, and looked fiercely upon her. "What, what, can I say (said she) since the only friend I have in the world discountenances and terrifies me? I am quite hopeless. But, dear Sir, forgive the spirit my cousins have raised in me; and be pleased to let me know what I have to trust to; and then I shall be able to judge, whether I ought to think of myself as my father's only child, or as my cousins' waiting-maid."

In a vehement passion before—this spirited request, so unexpected from a young lady, his niece, who had been used to bear so much, quite enraged him. Violent action took place of speech: he took her, shrinking from him, and crying out for mercy, by the arm, and rushing with her to the street-door, opened it, thrust her out, and shut it against her.

She was ready to faint with grief and ter-

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ror; and just as a crowd was beginning to gather about her, who were affected at seeing so fine a young creature shut out of door, he (recollecting himself a little) opened the door, and pulled her in. "Little vixen! (said he) in the hearing of the people, who would believe that such a face was a cover to such a heart!"

He hurried her into his compting-house, and told her, that if she would marry (she was then about sixteen) James Nichols, who was one of his clerks, he would, for her father's sake, make up her fortune one thousand pounds.

The clerk happened not to be within hearing.

She was astonished:—"O my father (said she, lifting up her hands and eyes); and did you not think you left me to the care, to the protection, of your brother!"

She arose (he snatching at her arm again in a fury) and fled to her aunt; and, throwing herself at her feet, implored her protection from her enraged uncle.

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Her aunt raised her, and led her to another apartment; but, when there, told her that humility became her, and her fortune. That it was an ill office in her to endeavour to set her uncle against her and his children.

"They had heard (she said) the provocations she had given her uncle; and all she had been prating to him before those provocations, against them. No wonder he had had so little patience with her."

"There is no answering, Madam (said she) such a speech as you have made me:—turned out of doors!—see these marks!" and was going to shew her arm, black and swelled with his gripe, when in came her two cousins, who had listened at the door, and bitterly reviled her.

"To whose protection now (said she, wringing her hands, and terrified from her purpose of shewing her arm) can I fly?—O, my blessed father! (falling on her knees, her folded hands held up;) look down! look down! upon your oppressed child!"

She was raised from her knees, by her two

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cousins; called vile names; and led to her apartment between them; and there she fainted away.

She was not able to leave her chamber, nor hardly her bed, for two days. At the end of which, being tolerably recovered, she wrote a letter to her uncle. She was afraid of requesting another personal audience of him. She was afraid that he was determined upon his measures, whatever they were; and that, as he had begun with her, he would proceed to carry them into effect; and she was resolved, whatever were the consequences, to let him know her mind; not without hopes, that the freedom and justice of her expostulation might procure her more favour than by his hint of James Nichols, his clerk, might at present be intended for her.

She expostulated with him in this letter, on "the treatment she had met with for the past two years; and appealed to God, to his conscience, and her own heart, that she

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had not deserved it, either of her aunt or him, nor yet of her cousins.

" She expressed herself astonished at what he had said to her, in the compting-house, of one of his clerks; and on giving her, as a grace and favour, one thousand pounds for her fortune. On this occasion she wrote, she would sooner choose death than to be silent.

" She reminded him of what her father had said to her, before him, as to the considerableness of her fortune; and acquainted him, that at other times, he who was not used to speak largely of his circumstances, had hinted to her, that he was worth between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, every obligation discharged. Indeed he told her afterwards, that he had some losses; but she understood, from certain circumstances, that they would not amount to four thousand pounds; the least, therefore, that she expected, was twenty thousand pounds, if she had justice done her. And her uncle would be gainer enough in having had an oppor-

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opportunity to build his fortune on her father's plan and traffic.

"She begged his excuse for the freedom with which she wrote; but then, she said, upon such a declaration as he had made, was her time to speak out, or never. And she referred to his honour, his conscience, as he would answer to God, at the great day of account, for his own sake, if not for the sake of the orphan daughter of the kindest and best of brothers, left to his guardianship; and who, if she had not a friend in him, was destitute of any friend, aid, or comfort, to give her leave to impute to violent passion this harsh treatment of her so lately, and his astonishing declaration.

"She besought him not to let her be brought into his presence while he was in so great a rage as she had seen him in three days before. She was loth to think it was her uncle's face, that then had so much affrighted and terrified her, even in her dreams."

She

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She expected in terror what would be the result of this free and spirited letter; the first instance of such spirit that she had ever exerted with her pen; but then, as she wrote, or never, was the call for it to be obeyed.

Two days did her uncle keep her in expectation, taking time to calm his passion, that he might be able to reason with her, as he called it, on the contents of so free an expostulation.

He then sent for her down to him into one of the parlours. She went trembling, yet endeavouring not to appear to desert herself.

He had with him his lawyer, prepared to take minutes of all that should pass.

He would make her sit down by him: he had a parcel of papers in his hand: his looks were moody and wrathful: his words were smooth and oily.

"Well, niece (began he) I have a most extraordinary letter from you! A most extraordinary

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traordinary one indeed! But let the indecency of some of the expressions you have made use of pass; they only serve to shew me, that the charge made against you by your cousins, in answer to your accusations of them, is not quite groundless, as innocent as you look, and gentle as you would be thought to be; but let that pass too.

"Here, you tell me, that your father gave you room to think he was worth near or about 20,000l. He might think he was. I believe he did! But he reckoned upon debts owing him, that he never, had he lived, was likely to get in. How can a man, whose effects lie in foreign hands, and different countries, say what he is worth? He never talked of such a sum to me! If he had, I should have put him upon a juster calculation. You know he was unable for many months to look into his accounts. I own he was a kind brother and good friend. You need not upbraid me with unkindness, niece; he would not have done so."

She

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She was going to speak—"Hear me out," said he.

"You, Mr. Norman, have known many a man, who in one year has thought himself worth thousands, and the next, had a statute taken out against him, and his creditors have been glad to take a crown in the pound."

"Very true," said Mr. Norman; and was about to give instances.

"Well, but that was not my brother's case; so no more of that. But had he made a calculation, he would have found himself short by more than half the sum, and all bad debts supposed good. The heavy loss you mention, niece, came out to be more than 5,000l."

"Sir, my father reckoned himself worth between 20 and 30,000l."

"No such thing, I tell you as a third part of that sum, had that loss not happened. His illness and journeyings, and foreign residences, cost him vast sums! vast sums!

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sums! There were other bad articles, which he reckoned as good. The fire that happened in my compting-house destroyed the greatest part of the testimonials of his foreign property, of which some of the people abroad took advantage, base wretches as they were! else there would have been perhaps two or three thousand pounds coming to you. A very pretty fortune, I think; I wish it were in your pocket."

"Ah, Sir!—not so pretty as my two elder cousins have had, besides what my two unmarried cousins expect."

"Don't be pert, Miss," said Mr. Norman.

"I am a weak inexperienced young creature; I don't know the end of this gentleman's presence, and writing down every thing. Then (turning to her uncle) I see, Sir, you are prepared with an account; be pleased to let me know what I may depend upon."

"Five hundred pounds, wanting a very little,

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little, is all you can claim, I told you; and, having once said it, I will be as good as my word; I will, for your father's sake."—

"O, Sir!—my uncle!—my dear father's brother!—my guardian!—and say you this?"

"Your uncle is very good to you, Miss."

"Why, so I am; for the bonds being burnt by the accident, the people abroad, as I hinted—"

"Good Sir, let me spare you the attempt to make this clear. You have prepared it all I see. Never! never let me have it to say, that these eyes witnessed to an account that cannot be to the reputation of my father's brother."

"Do you hear, Mr. Norman? do you hear?—Ah! who, at this rate, would accept of a guardianship!"

"You have great patience, Sir!—Miss, you take great liberties with your uncle; his character is well known; it is above being hurt by the groundless surmises and romantic

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tic expectations of an inconsiderate young woman. Nevertheless, I am so far your friend, as to advise your uncle to take releases from you, and give you the thousand—"

"Spare, spare, Sir! your advice. My uncle has several thousands—forgive me, Sir—I cannot bear this flagrant treatment—to give to each of his daughters; and, no doubt, handsome reserves for my aunt and himself."

"Do you hear, Mr. Norman!—Do you hear, Sir!"

"But four years ago (proceeded she) he declared himself unable to give his eldest daughter more than 500l.; he has given 10,000l. to two daughters. The fire destroyed not the testimonials of the property which enabled him to do this. The fire destroyed only those of the poor orphan girl."

"No such thing (biting his lips, with ill-concealed anger) as 10,000l.; no such thing

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thing Mr. Norman!—Vile girl!—This is her meekness!—this is—"

In then came the aunt and her two cousins. "Turn the saucy creature out of doors, this instant," said the aunt in a rage. Her cousins reviled her with their tongues, and even clapt their hands in her very face.

She fell down on her knees, and, with hands and eyes lifted up, "I adjure you, Sir, by the memory of my father, who was indeed a kind brother to you, to do justice to the poor orphan ward, to whom you vowed justice and protection; (then, rising, with dignity) if you can, in conscience, carry into execution your present schemes against a desolate child, who has no other friend but you, do so! I will not have a shilling of the thousand pounds you have mentioned, if I am to acknowledge one-half of it as the full of my right, and the other half as the result of your bounty and gratitude to that brother to whom you owe your all. Turn me out of doors, as my aunt advises!

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advises! My fortune is become a wreck; I can bend to my condition; and, even do more than that, I can forgive my uncle."

They stood amazed, looking upon one another, as each expecting the others to speak. The heroic lady then, raised beyond herself, again dropped down on her knees; "Gracious God of all mercy (said she, tears streaming down her cheeks) forgive my uncle!—And do thou be my guardian!—Save me from a worse ruin than that of my fortune—the ruin of my morals! Poverty, without shame, be thou my portion! With innocence it will be a greater, Sir, Madam, than you have given, or can give, to your daughters!

"And now, Sir (rising) turn me out of doors!—turn me out to God's providence! that shall be my reliance, and my only reliance!"

Her uncle turned pale, and trembled in every joint; Mr. Norman looked terrified; her aunt was unable to speak; but her two hardened

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hardened cousins led the noble sufferer to the door, and shut it upon her.

She was not willing to stay at the door till her high-wrought up spirits subsided, being aware that she should not be able to support herself when it did. She hurried away, therefore, to her worthy Mrs. Winwood, by whom she was received with open arms. She had need of such a refuge.

Next day, her cloaths were sent her; and, as she was supposed to have but little money, Mr. Norman attended her with one hundred pounds, which she would not take, as he had brought a receipt for her to sign, as part of five hundred pounds; the whole of what was due to her from her father's effects.

However, afterwards, she accepted of four hundred pounds (she would not take five hundred, for an obvious reason) for which she gave a receipt on account; and this was all she ever received from her uncle.

Her hard case was made known to a gentleman

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tleman of a great estate, who was thought to be a man of honour. He was very zealous to undertake her cause; and she was then willing to do herself justice. Some proceedings were had; but the dishonourable man having been detected by an accident, owing to a letter wrong directed, which fell into her hands, in a design upon her honour, she stopt proceedings, and made a resolution never to resume them; for, by that time, her uncle's other two daughters were married, and handsome fortunes given with them. And she would have it, that the four husbands of the four girls, however the money was obtained, were entitled to the consideration they had with them. Their father was only answerable; and if the cause were carried against him, he might be ruined, and yet the greatest part of the fortune would be irrecoverable. And when it was urged by a zealous friend, that her uncle had, no doubt, made reserves for himself, part of which she might probably recover,

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cover, her answer was, "Poor man! he has dearly bought those reserves! I pity him!"

Yet this friend had, by her leave, introduced to her a man of unquestionable honour, who, admiring her noble mind, her fine understanding, and extensive genius, was extremely earnest to undertake her cause, and with this declared hope, but not offered to be made a condition, that she would be inclined to favour with the inestimable honour of her hand her introducing friend, for whom she condescended to express a very high regard, and for whose happiness she professed herself as solicitous as for her own; but who, nevertheless, was so conscious of his own unworthiness, as well from want of fortune as merit, that he dared not to hope for such a blessing. She saw this consciousness, and valued him for it. She condescended in the kindest terms, unsolicited (for how could he speak what he could not presume to hope?) to tell the conscious man, that his generous friend had given

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given her such an hint. She should value his friend for it, she said, as long as she lived, and should value himself to the same period; but as she was determined not to molest her father's brother, and as nobody but herself would be a sufferer while she was a single woman, she neither would accept of his friend's generous assistance, nor yet marry; for she could not bear to think, that the man she preferred to all others, should wed a law-suit in her; nor yet, were she to marry, that her husband should be hindered from pursuing the right he would acquire with her. But, after this confession in his favour, she said, she should not be easy, unless he, her friend, to whom she had so freely opened her heart, was soon the husband of some other woman.

She was strengthened in the exalted resolution she had taken soon after, by what happened to her uncle. He was taken ill of a violent fever. No hopes were given of his life. He was sensible of his danger,

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and then did his conscience reproach him with the enormous wrongs he had done his niece. He called out upon her name with equal anguish of heart, and blessings on her virtues. He besought every one who came near him, to declare his penitence to the orphan—to the injured orphan! and to beg one visit from her, and her forgiveness.

His attending daughters opposed his earnest request. One of them said, it were better he should die; and if he could not recover, the sooner the happier, than that such a request should be made to the insolent Hortensia, as they called her. The mother also opposed it; but his earnestness increasing, the physician and divine, who attended him, insisted, that he should be gratified, and Mr. Norman was dispatched to the young lady with the request.

At the very first word, she flew to her uncle's house. She was admitted to his bedside. There did she receive his voluntary confessions of the wrong done her.

Tears

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Tears of penitence ran down his cheeks. He grasped her hands between his. He kissed them with his parched lips, and implored her forgiveness.

She forgave him. She comforted him, soothed him. She, whom he had barbarously injured, in violation of the sacred laws of guardianship, could forgive, sooth, and comfort him, while his own children, for whose sake, for whose aggrandisement, he had done the wrong, stood aloof, and wished the mouth for ever closed that aknowledged it, and asked forgiveness of the sufferer.

But in what did this confession end? The man, forgiven and soothed, grew easier. He recovered; and then was talked to, and expostulated with, by his family, upon his confession, so disgraceful to them and to himself. He grew ashamed of his contrition. All was imputed to delirium, brought on by the violence of his fever; and the pious niece was left to sigh for her uncle, and pity him, which she cordially did.

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About this time came to England the Count and Countess of P. on a visit to their brother, Signor L. who was the minister of an Italian potentate, at the British court, and had under his care a young lady, his niece, about sixteen years of age, who, from childhood, was destined by all parties for the wife of the young Count of P. then about twenty. A match of policy, in order to unite two great estates in one; both the parties being distantly related.

The Countess of P. was accompanied by her maiden sister, Signora Catherina, a lady of great merit, who, having been disappointed in marriage by the death of her first lover, and living very happily with her sister, between whom and herself there had always been an inviolable friendship, had made a resolution never to marry.

Besides this son, the Countess and her Lord had a daughter, Philippa, of about twelve years of age, a fine young lady, of whom they were exceedingly fond; and she,

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as well as her brother, was a party in this visit to Signor L.; the intent of which was, that the young lord and young lady should see each other, in order to confirm, by their own personal approbation, the contract entered into by the friends on both sides.

Mrs. Winwood had told a lady of rank, to whom she was distantly related, Miss Beaumont's melancholy tale; and this lady repeated it to the Countess of P. and her sister and her daughter, in such an affecting manner, that they were desirous to see her; and Mrs. Winwood prevailed on Miss Beaumont to wait on them in her company.

Mrs. Beaumont is now a very fine woman. She was at that time looked upon by every one as a beauty; but her modesty, good sense, easy behaviour, genius, which was capable of all things, and her piety, and sweetness of disposition, were so shining, that few who addressed her, or spoke of her, said a word of the graces of her person.

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The ladies were charmed with her on this first visit. They condescended to return it at Mrs. Winwood's lodgings; and were still more delighted with her. The younger lady particularly besought her mother and aunt, that they would, if possible, procure for her the blessing, as she called it, of Miss Beaumont's constant residence with them; and she would endeavour, she said, to be all that Miss Beaumont was. The Countess and Lady Catharina rejoiced in the young lady's motion, and intreated Miss Beaumont to add herself to their family, as a companion to Lady Philippa; the Countess assuring her, that she should always consider her as her other daughter. As to the article of religion, which Miss Beaumont mentioned as an obstacle, they brought the Count to her, to assure her, in their names, as well as in his own, that that should not be any, if, on mature deliberation, she could not conform to theirs; and they would confide in her discretion, that that should never be made

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made a topic of discourse between Lady Philippa and her.

Circumstanced as she was, in a manner friendless, and determined on a single life, she spoke of this invitation, from a family of unquestionable honour and generosity, as a call of Providence in her favour, and cheerfully embraced it.

She was not sure of even a civil reception from her uncle, and therefore took leave of him in a pathetic letter, full of pious wishes for his returning penitence, and confirming that forgiveness which she had so unreservedly given him in his supposed dying hours.

The first affliction, and almost the only one, she met with, after her arrival with this good family in Italy, was a heavy one to her.

It had been agreed between the Count de P. and Signor L. that the young couple, whom they were both solicitous to see united, should not marry under a twelvemonth to come. At the expiration of that term,

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Signor L. hoped to have finished his negotiations at the British court, when he should of course carry over to Italy with him his niece, and the marriage was then to be celebrated.

The young couple had signified to their friends their mutual approbation of each other. The young lady, particularly, was pleased with her elected husband; but the young lord, having no prepossessions in any other woman's favour, gave into the will of his friends, rather as having no objection, than a voluntary preference; and now, having an opportunity of seeing a woman more lovely in person, and who was superior to most of her years and sex in the qualities of her mind, fell desperately in love with Miss Beaumont.

She could not but observe, from his particular assiduities, his passion for her, but studiously avoided giving him an opportunity to declare himself. At last, however, he found one, and then he opened his heart,

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and, in the most ardent manner, besought her to encourage his honourable love.

She utterly rejected his suit. He was not convinced by her generous reasonings. He loved her the more for them. Perplexed what to do, because she was loth to give pain to the family she deservedly loved, by revealing the matter to them, she at last resolved to leave Italy, and return to her native country.

She signified her intention to Signora Catherina, desiring her to acquaint the Countess and Lady Philippa with it. They were greatly surprised. The young lady ran to her unbidden, and on her knees, with tears, besought her to take pity on her disciple. The Countess and Signora Catherina expostulated with her. They brought the Count himself to request her not to leave them, and that she would give them the reason for a resolution so unexpected.

The young lord, and he only of the family, knew the reason; but though ex-

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tremely affected at her resolution, could not promise her to remove the occasion; on the contrary, he told her he would follow her to the world's end.

Thus pressed, and even charged with cruelty by the ladies—thus threatened by the young nobleman—she thought it best to reveal to the Countess and Lady Catherina the whole affair.

She did. They were grieved; but the Countess generously declared, that were it not for their family views of long standing, she knew not the young woman whom she could with so much pleasure embrace as her daughter.

The good lady insisted upon her leave to break the affair to the Count, one of the most prudent of men, to which, upon condition that no violent measures should be taken with the young lord, Miss Beaumont consented.

The Count took the matter right, and, like a good and wise man, though grieved that

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that this passion of his son for Miss Beaumont was likely to make him indifferent to a young lady who wanted no merit, and who openly acknowledged her approbation of him, applauded highly Miss Beaumont's generous and prudent conduct on the occasion. He begged that she would not think of leaving them. A passion, he said, founded in so much merit was not an illaudable one. He hardly knew how to blame his son: —he was culpable in nothing, but that he had given way to it, knowing the family views, and having spontaneously given into them before he saw Miss Beaumont. Such a passion was not to be opposed, he added, by severe or harsh measures. And they all three declared, that if she would not abandon them, they would leave it to her prudence and generosity, since she knew their views and engagements, to act with the young lord as occasions arose, in order to cure him of his passion, and direct it to their wishes.

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This was a great and worthy confidence. She acquainted the ladies, and they the Count, (and Signora Philippa was let into the secret,) with every step she took in this arduous affair. They, on their parts, changed not either their looks or behaviour to him, but rather pitied him, and allowed in their hearts of the worthiness of his attachment. Opposition is the fuel of love. This prudent conduct of theirs added not that fuel to his flame.

Miss Beaumont behaved gently, yet frankly, to him, whenever she could not avoid seeing him. He saw her denial was owing to principle, and not either to affectation or petulance, this made him patient of being reasoned with. He was sent to reside at Rome for a few months, in order, by degrees, to find occasions for longer absences; but he would not consent to go, or to quit Florence, till he had engaged Miss Beaumont to correspond with him by letter, which the Count and Countess, on her acquainting,

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quainting them with the condition he insisted on, advised her to yield to, expressing again their entire reliance on her prudence, and consenting, at her request, to see all she wrote, though she thought it but honourable to the young gentleman, whose letters ran in the highest style of love, to desire to be excused shewing them his, giving her reasons frankly for this stipulation, highly to their approbation.

I have been favoured with the sight of the letters which passed in this correspondence. What generous, what noble ones, are her's! She turned, by her charming reasonings, his love of her person into an admiration of her still more beautiful mind. So much as was added to the intellectual, and taken from the personal love was of advantage. And at last (supposing all this time, that neither the young lady nor his own family knew of his passion for Miss Beaumont, and finding her absolutely inflexible) he yielded to her friendly advice and

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and expostulations, and Signora de L. being brought over by her uncle, married her, to the inexpressible joy of the friends on both sides. Nor was it a little owing to her generous influence over the young husband, who was choleric, as the lady was humoursome, and when not humoured, sullen, that they lived together not unhappily. . . . . .

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END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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